

THE FIRST PART OF A NEW VOLUME.  
(PUBLISHED 20 FEBRUARY, 1908.)

# SAINT GEORGE

A NATIONAL REVIEW DEALING WITH LITERATURE, ART AND SOCIAL  
QUESTIONS IN A BROAD AND PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT.

NO. 41, VOL. XI.

JANUARY, 1908.

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SMOKE, COAL, AND GAS - J. W. GRAHAM.

## REVIEWS:

Youth: its Education, Regimen, and Hygiene.

Suggestion in Education.

Woman Suffrage.

English High Schools for Girls.

The Literary Man's Bible.

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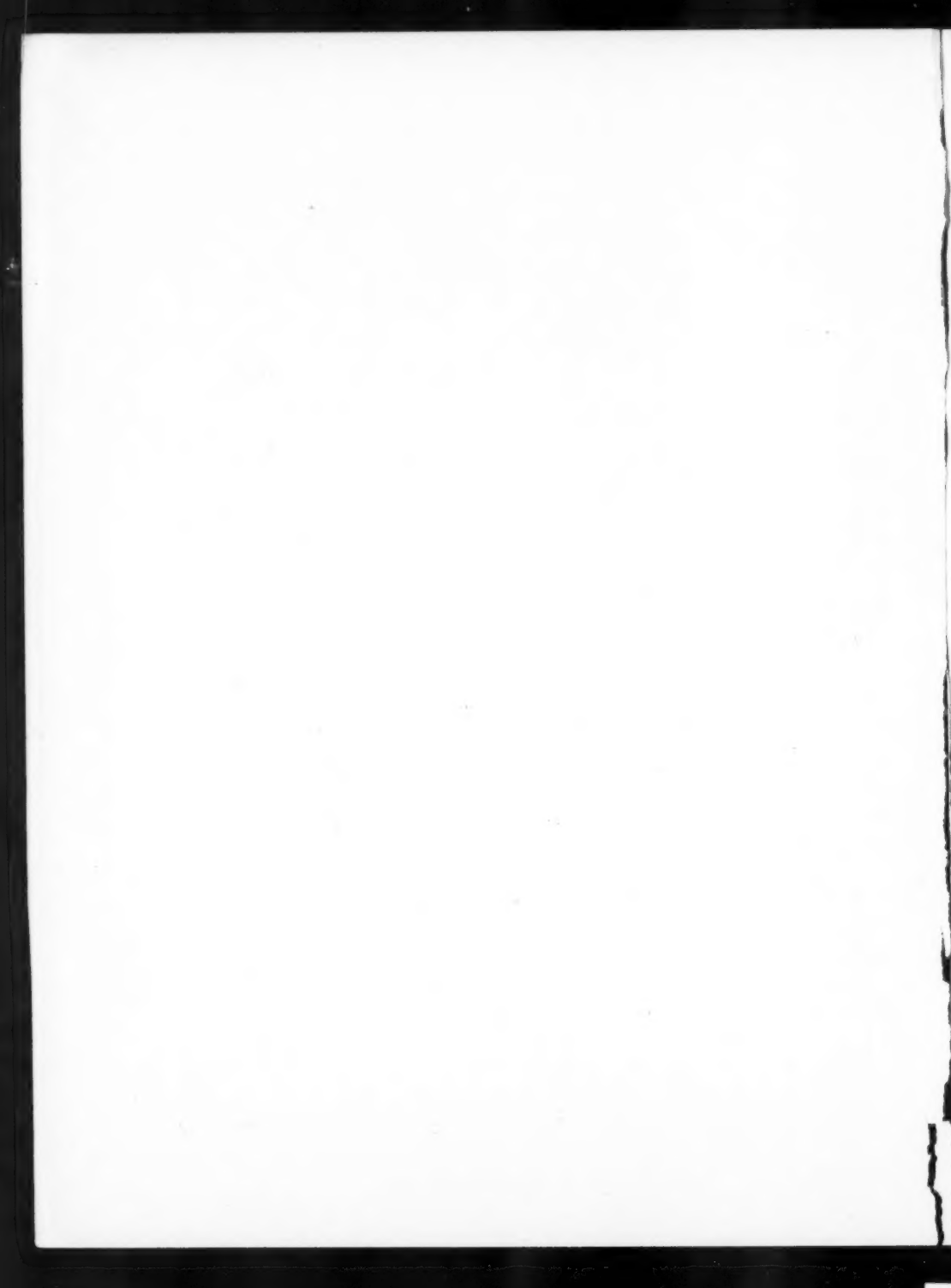
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# SAINT GEORGE.

No. 41. Vol. XI.

January, 1908.

## THE SANITY OF WILLIAM BLAKE.\*

By GREVILLE MACDONALD, M.D.

**T**HOUGH most criticism is based upon some standard of convention, the instincts of humanity in general—instincts, I mean, as opposed to education—acclaim the incompetence of convention to fulfil all requirements; for men secretly honour all who outdare custom, even though they fear and often ridicule them. And we are able to judge by convention only so long as the person judged claims subservience to our conventions. If he do not, there remains no sane judgment wherewith to judge him. What can one know of ethics in Mars when he is ignorant of its indigenous habits? How shall one judge of manners in Mile End, if he do not share its discontent with the cultured world? How can one weigh merit even in Mayfair homes, when he can but envy, not emulate, their comfortable morality? We may publicly pity, and even pretend to despise, all who are not of the fold; yet in our hearts we rather admire the out-

\* A lecture delivered to the Ruskin Union, November 14, 1907.

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siders, and some of us prefer not to judge them. While we instinctively know our conventions to be but formal dummies, we bow down before them. And yet, though the recusants defy our gods, we accord them a right to live, so long as they do not question our own respectability or marry our daughters. Are they not picturesque, these outlaws, and do they not add to the gaiety of life? Be they inspired poet or filthy fakir, sour-hearted Diogenes or pearly-toothed nautch girl, we gaze at them from afar and marvel—even if we profit nothing by their example. In brief, those who are caged have mighty respect for those who fly; if only, alas! until some one shall bring the birds to earth with broken wing. The genius, the prophet, the poet, is necessarily in his work and mode of life outside the law that binds the masses into correct behaviour. Therefore he is beyond understanding, though the ignorant people may follow him from afar. He is beyond understanding, because few have virtue enough to gauge the unconventional virtues. The schools judge only by their standards of examination, and cast out a poet as unfit. The professions measure by the sleekest of their tailored members; and, it being a law of nature that the eccentric shall not survive, they starve him. The academies of Art can judge of nothing that is not so firmly and viciously correct that all fear of its stimulating the imagination vanishes. Yet the schools might remember they were founded by men who would pity their present professors; the learned societies, that they are stagnating for lack of great thinkers; and the teachers of art, that while prating of genius they are perpetrating bathos. Even the churches scatter their bread upon the waters because they dare not eat it; they have still faith enough to know they will not starve so long as that bread persists, as it ever will do, in returning after many days. Unfortunately for ourselves, if not for the prophets, it is only after we have killed them that their greatness dawns upon our close-hedged understanding. Truly

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no man can faithfully criticize art only by the rules of that art. No man can measure the starry heights who believes that trigonometry is always sufficing. No man can have any faith whatsoever who builds upon evidences. No one—to come to the point before us—can judge of another man's sanity who dares not risk, when the truth claims him, the world's scorn of his own sanity.

And if we are to judge William Blake's sanity by the limited intellect of mind specialists, we shall infallibly find him lacking; though we may wish the world were less sane if the loss of its wits would bring it nearer to the Kingdom in which Blake lived.

But more than this. He was mad if we are to judge him by those many wise whose only idea of living in perfect sanity is to take in one another's washing, and yet not wash it in public. He was mad if no man may see further than his neighbours without the sanction of the Lunacy Commission; if no man has right to prophecy; if none may use terrific metaphor without being accused of coarse realism; if none may call the devil black without being stigmatized as small-minded; if none may light a candle without the sane world disputing his right to find road through the darkness.

Moreover, Blake was undoubtedly mad if we are to believe all that his apologists wrote to prove the contrary. Yet his critics have dealt most lovingly with him, and praised his cryptic flights of poetic fire, his marvellous, ineffable pictures. They have told us of his simple, true, and pious life, never wavering or over-sad, always staunch and hopeful; of his terrific condemnation of enemies, his over-kindly criticism of friends. They have let us see his child-like yet huge-minded nature; they have made us worship the singer for his prophecy, the painter for his music. Nevertheless, and please note this most extraordinary of facts, they have dared defend this man against himself and his own work.

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We are driven by his apologists, but not by his disciples, to this uncomfortable conclusion : that if the dear William Blake was indeed sane, he was guilty in manner never before laid to the charge of the most hypocritical ; for while your average sinner may preach piety and live shamefully, William Blake, for the first time in the history of man, while living so absolutely virtuous a life that none but a drunken soldier ever accused him, and that falsely, yet wrote and preached impiety of many kinds and divers colours. If we study Mr. Swinburne we shall be asked to believe that our prophet wrote like a libertine, while living like a saint ; that, preaching infidelity, he was yet faithful beyond the manner of men. On the other hand, some of his most devoted interpreters compel us to believe that while he was actually teaching sublime truth, he surpassed even his critics in obscurity. At any rate, Messrs. Ellis and Yeats invite us to substitute an absolutely unintelligible mysticism for some of the grandest symbolic writing the world has ever produced.

If such great authorities as these, to whom we are most deeply indebted for their real devotion to Blake, and yet whose discovery of Blake's system is more ingenious than important, adduce such equivocal evidence of his sanity, we are perhaps justified in questioning it. Yet upon a time, many years ago, it happened that I found a sane man in a lunatic asylum, his certificates of insanity being drawn up and endorsed by authorities legally qualified for the purpose, yet certainly incompetent. And not infrequently in the world's history a judicial verdict, instigated by a passionate multitude, has crucified an innocent man. Similarly, though the critics' verdict on William Blake's sanity is entirely in his favour and on the whole not uncomplimentary, it is couched in such words as to leave in our minds only one alternative to condemning the defendant as mad, namely, to question his advocates' fitness. Stupid criticism and apologetic admiration will always be the stock-in-



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trade of pedagogic devotion, until man rejects once and for all the perennial fascination of paradox. Even the Christian theologies are based upon a system of discovering attributes in the Divine Nature not warranted by scripture, and then making lame apologies for Jesus Christ's inconsistencies. Blake certainly will not mind suffering with his Master, even if his critics resent classification with theologians.

But let us inquire upon what grounds in general we base our estimate of sanity.

For purposes of convenience we may divide the public into two great classes, the sane and the insane. The sane, as will be supposed, are the majority. Their voice, they are for ever assuring one another, is the voice of God. And they append to this creed the corroborative law of Nature : *The Fit alone shall survive and Devil take the hindermost*. Considering which, they behave on the whole rather decently among themselves. But they are certain of only one thing—and a most important—that the particular minority to which they are opposed are so stark mad that the wonder is that they are not stark naked also.

And one remarkable point of distinction between these two classes is this : that the sane majority find the language provided for them by their country's traditions vastly in excess of their needs, while the insane minority are for ever discontent with their native tongue because of its total insufficiency to express what they feel and know, the visions they see and believe in. These, though they have the whole wealth of culture at command, are nevertheless for ever seeking and finding new forms of expression, but often only to discard them because they fail to express the truth. It is these who paint uplifting pictures the wealthy can never possess, whatever they pay for them ; who sing divine songs, as did William Blake, for fashion to laugh at ; who make wooden fiddles wail passionately, as did Joachim, whom even the quite sane applaud.

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The more marked the success of the larger class, the more evident become their limitations. The more surely the smaller discovers the restricted possibilities of language, art, music, the more certain is it that they have understanding of the deeps. Indeed, one may affirm it to be axiomatic in the logic of sublime thought that those alone touch truth who utter it in word, line, or melody, too profound even for their own understanding. Surely some must herein reach the very pinnacle of insanity!

The former class comprises the people of Facts, the latter those of Ideas.

The class of Facts includes the bulk of the busy world. It also holds the men of scientific pursuit; for these devote their lives to the discovery and classification of facts. To this end they rightly seek to simplify language and eliminate from it all metaphor, idiom, or symbol that might distract the mind from the rigid import of its words. They would make their language as near the mathematical as possible and, wherever it can be done, employ formula and syllogism in place of appeal to instinct, so as to render their conclusions self-evident. But even this inexpansive system, in its endeavour to be truthful, reveals an essential untruthfulness; for it is constantly compelled to disregard individual claims and ideal characteristics for the sake of giving weight to its factual generalizations. To classify and define is easy; and it has for some people the supreme advantage of discounting the value of higher thought. To discover the untruthfulness of scientific expression when dealing with matters that forbid definition and measurement, often requires of the scientific teacher a very genius of honesty. When, for instance, the biologist assures us that we must regard the bird as an aberrant form of reptile, and when he sets before us the array of facts upon which he justifies his claim, which facts there is no disputing, we understand him and his classification of the bird and the reptile so clearly that

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we have no difficulty in classifying himself. He belongs mind and soul to Facts. But when that genius arises, who, while giving full value to the evidences of the museum and the dissecting-room, can avoid the contamination of his soul, and sing—yes, sing—of the lark's supremacy to the law of gravity, and in this song uplift man's ever-young soul into the empyrean of the Holy Spirit, the world of learning will begin to undo some of its mischief-making.

But the second of the two classes which we are considering, that of Ideas as distinguished from Facts, instinctively resents the class-room methods of ocular demonstration. No less intent than the man of science upon teaching, and no less striving to be honest in all his dealings, the idealist, just because of such honesty, rejects formula and syllogism; not because these have not their place and need, but because in virtue of their very completeness they seem to claim that no teaching is possible save through their ministrations. The idealist claims that thought explores regions where the words self-evident, tangible, demonstrable, have no meaning; where even the concrete white chalk and blackboard have no use. "In what he leaves unsaid," declared Schiller, "I discover the master of Style." This is very near to Blake's "seeing through, and not with the eye." And if style is indicated by what is left unsaid, imagination is indicated by the perception of what is not seen, and often but pointing to it, rather than telling it. So the idealist Blake discards the algebraical equation, the logical argument; and in place of them his only method of teaching is Appeal.

Appeal to what? To that very consciousness in man of deeps in his existence which science has not fathomed, but which the greatest teachers touch with their poetry, their music, their paintings, and call into conscious life. He appeals to the instinctive knowledge of the child that the lark shares no place with reptile, the authorities notwithstanding. If there be in

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us "thoughts that lie too deep for tears," how greatly truer is it that there be deeps within or around the nature of life too profound for utterance, but which, not the less, are responsible for, directive of, indeed inspiring, our outward and visible show of life. These deeps are felt rather than known. They are of the emotions rather than the intellect. The man of art is more conscious of them than the schoolman because he lives more in their inspiration. And living thus in life of vaster realness than that of the getting and holding of Facts, of bowing to them, of chaining his soul to their glitter, he sees that from these same deeps all men arise and therefore have some consciousness of them, even if they deny it. It is to this consciousness that Blake makes appeal. Because of it he knows he must reject the ways and manners of the schools.

Indeed, the way of the imaginative artist is the way of the child. He rejects his facts as too painfully trivial to be worth attention as such, though he uses them right freely and truthfully in his own fashion. But he strips them of all precision so as to disabuse his public of any supposition that he uses them as argument or evidence. The anatomy of the lark and its biological position are entirely irrelevant facts to the true poet who appeals to the greater life in our hearts. To him facts lose their gravity, words their precision; they rise upon the wings of the bird, and scatter themselves for harvest, as the lark's song reaches ever wider realms of earth as he mounts into heaven. And this is the way with the child. He cannot easily comprehend the ways of men, to whom the only serious things are money and means, success and failure. And his soul, a power growing daily in its supremacy to mere things of matter, because blossoming out of the abyss of eternal potentialities, almost declines to be happy unless using the things of life as mere symbols of its spiritual consciousness, its spiritual desire for mastery.

Each of these points in classification Blake's best critics

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would, I think, freely allow. Nevertheless, because lacking in courage of conviction, they have mostly quailed before his mightiest utterances. Exactly where they have most signally failed in establishing his sanity, they have failed because they could not understand the sublimity of his power. Confronted even by such of his best-known works as *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, or *The Visions of the Daughters of Albion*, they have slunk away from the master to lose their identity among the foolish and angry multitude, and have not had grace enough to hear the crowing of the cock.

So that we have two duties before us, first to let the more doubtful understand how very special and masterly was Blake's insanity, and secondly to let some of us latter-day disciples realize that health of heart is essential if we would scale the snow-clad pinnacles. Blake's purity of soul and simplicity of mind were his claims to greatness, his secret of appeal. And I think it will be among the thoughtful and unlearned, rather than the critical and scholarly, that the great man will at last find sympathy and true understanding.

But to grasp the true wealth of Blake's insanity, we must enquire still further into the sanity of the multitude. And to this end it will prove convenient to subdivide the same class into three, though they overlap and intermingle.

*The sanity of the first is measured by their limitation in seeing.* We appoint perhaps as their vestal virgin a certain servant-girl of Samuel Palmer, that brilliant painter-etcher and most devoted disciple of Blake. She had declared in the kitchen, and solely on the strength of her own keen-eyed perspicacity, that her master must be mad, because he would recite poetry to himself and had hung on the drawing-room walls, she declared, two framefuls of tailors' patterns. The accusations looked grave indeed. And we quite justify the maid's election to the sacred vestal-virginship, when we learn that these tailors' patterns were some of William Blake's masterpieces, to wit, his only

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attempts at wood-engraving, the celebrated Pastorals ! This first subdivision of the class of Facts holds as its maxim that *if things look more like what interests us than what they are, then what they are is of no account whatever*. For, as tailors' patterns, the Pastorals were distinctly failures ! If a man looks like money, his moral nature is of no importance. If a picture suggests that it would look well over the new Sheraton side-board, then the furniture dealer alone can estimate its value. If Pan's pipes look as though they are but reeds, then Pan's music is moonshine, and so on.

Then there is the second great subdivision : *those who judge by rule and plumb*. For these, scholarship alone knows what is good, and intellect reigns supreme. Any one is eligible for the post of high-priest to this class, if only he despises Blake because he could not draw. In general he will measure Pan's excellence by the daily number of hours he practises his pipes and the expensiveness of the master who taught him. Blake's Pastorals will be condemned because they are different from all other wood-engraving ; because he was such a master of his engraving-chisel that he dared make it breathe and laugh and sing ; because, instead of quoting authorities, he appeals to the instinctive feeling after beauty that lies potential in even quite sane people's souls ; because he gives us no excuse for exclaiming, "How true is Blake to the masters ! How accurate his drawing ! How wise in him to read our thin sanity through and through, and yet hardly ruffle it !" These Pastorals invite no criticism. They make Appeal. And when that Appeal finds response in our hearts, we know that language must fail us, though we see our friend's eyes shine and we fear our own will overflow. The maxim of this second subdivision of the mighty sane is that *in art no thing can ever do more than the average things have hitherto done* ; and that if the imagination is to be allowed any play whatever, every care must be taken to show that technical excellence everywhere takes precedence,



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so that its heavy hand shall slap the face of any man who would rather seek light than find satisfaction.

Then a third subdivision of the sane comprises those who take it for granted *that the man of experience sees further than the child* whose glory it is to discount the value of facts. Any pedant will do to flatter these from his pulpit. The child values facts chiefly as playthings. A stick and a rag shall become a living baby and make appeal to the deeps of maternal tenderness that lie sleeping in the darling's soul. It is quite certain to her that her arms are made for rocking this baby rather than for useful sewing. Again, the boy's nursery chairs can be wild horses at any moment. Thus employed, they are surely of saner service than when exacting good behaviour! Child-legs are for dancing, rather than walking; voice for laughing and crying, rather than the multiplication table; mind for asserting power in building or destroying, rather than for the rule of three. The child possibly has some instinctive knowledge of the clouds of glory whence he came; which clouds, if they mean anything, mean that the worth of life is measured rather by the poor child's faculty of inventing a symbol of motherhood than by the millionaire's purchase of human labour and his scientific modes of doing even better without it. The child fights and rebels against the rule of three and the rule of the world, until his imagination, that holy quality without which soul has no life, is broken: and he learns to live by bread alone. The maxim of this third class stands thus: *that the whole purpose of education is to teach the hart to desire no longer the water-brooks.* And it brings us right up to the clue that leads to the understanding of William Blake.

He was a child throughout his life; but there was built upon this foundation of sublime insanity a mighty superstructure of heroic endurance and manly fidelity to the thing he knew to be true; of patient fortitude and womanly tenderness towards the weak and suffering. His power of scorn, that

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mighty weapon, and his potent pity, so lavishly given, had not developed the gentle boy into the adorable man, but that he never left his childhood behind him. Hence largely the sane world's dislike of his manners and the common belief that he died in Bedlam.

This fact of Blake's childlike nature makes it easy to understand how it is that many, even of those who are but little tainted with the vulgar sanity, claim that his intellect could not always be trusted. But I can find no evidence anywhere in his painting or his writing that, where clear intellect was needed, he could not supply more of it and fresher than most men of learning. His grasp of facts, his right estimate of their real value, his pity for the human hearts they claw and defile, are nowhere better manifest than in his now classic Proverbs of Hell. They are models of consistency untainted by that smug proverbial philosophy which seeks to justify a comfortable if sneaking morality. They need some study, but are worth it for their ennobling help. They let us into the deeps of Blake's own piety, his simple faith, his scorn of worldly wisdom. With these his life, his work, his ideals, are all absolutely consistent. I am not sure that consistency is not the finest test of sanity, just as incoherency is the final proof of aberration. "Listen," he says, "to the fool's reproach: it is a kingly title." "The fool sees not the same tree that a wise man sees." Though his rage against iniquity is aboriginally simple and childlike, and is certainly not always level-headed, it is never divorced from reason; and, consistently with his Christianity, he could nobly forgive. Witness his appeal to Stothard for renewal of friendship after Stothard had, at the treacherous Cromek's instigation, stolen his idea of the *Canterbury Pilgrims* picture. Though he believed in the justice of righteous rage, he knew its energy must be bounded by reason, or the demon hate would claim the just man for his own. Witness *The Poison Tree*. These proverbs are epitomes of truth and wisdom. Thus "The cut worm forgives

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the plow" at first looks obscure ; yet it sums up in a simple figure the wisdom of Job. How he had rejoiced in his inspirations, how he had torn himself in his hard labours, only the poet can understand who realizes at once the service and despotism of language ; and Blake put this law of life into the words "Joys impregnate, sorrows bring forth." His faith in the imagination, its towering supremacy over mere intellect, may be hard at first to understand. "One thought fills immensity," and "Everything possible to be believed is an image of truth," and "Truth can never be told so as to be understood and not be believed" ; these give insight into the deeps, and compel us, if nothing else could, to follow and learn. Nor can we fail to admit, before he has done with us, that his seraphic intellect has laid upon our mouth the living coal, and taken away the iniquity of denial.

But I must not yet leave my evidences of Blake's childlike nature, because in it lay his marvellous power of appeal. His faith in impulse, instinct, energy, imagination, as against reason, prudence, and facts, is essentially childlike, yet the very antithesis of childish. The Appeal does not merely find echo in our hearts, but is a king nightingale in the darkening grove, who, shouting aloud his own faith, calls out the voice that was sleeping in multitudes ; or to put the metaphor in Blake's own words :—

Thou hearest the nightingale begin the song of Spring ;  
The lark, sitting upon his earthy bed-nest, just as the morn  
Appears, listens silent ; then, springing from the waving cornfield, loud  
He leads the Choir of Day.—*Milton*, ii. p. 31.

The Songs of Innocence express the holiest impulses of untutored childhood, the eager love of life in all things, the imaginative recognition of an ethical basis in life, the instinctive understanding of things that are true and practical in religion, the belief that "everything that lives is holy." I would quote,

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had I the time, "The Lamb," "The Chimney Sweeper," "The Divine Image," "On Another's Sorrow."

Then upon these convictions that the child is father of the man, Blake builds his lifelong glory of faith, that the man is father of his country and must save it. For this is the secret of his mighty work *Jerusalem*, the spiritual England; this is the inspiration of her maternal weeping over the chaining of her sons. He sees everywhere the triumph of idolatry over worship, the letter of the law over the spirit, money over flesh and blood, reason over imagination. And, like all true prophecy, his words are not for his own age only, but make appeal to the men of every generation. Prophecy indeed is the appeal of the eternal to the people of time.

The whole argument of the *Jerusalem* is summed up in those three memorable aphorisms in the opening of *Heaven and Hell*, words which are childlike in their disregard of philosophic authority and its futile presentation of the absolute; and yet they are profound in essential wisdom.

"(1) Man has no body distinct from his soul. For that called body is a portion of soul discerned by the five senses, the chief inlets of soul in this age.

"(2) Energy is the only life, and is from the body; and reason is the bound or outward circumference of energy.

"(3) Energy is eternal delight."

Now I want to draw your attention especially to these three aphorisms, because the critics, notable among them Mr. Swinburne, have generally held that Blake's was a gospel of licence. And I am the more willing to insist upon their real meaning in connection with the magnificent but most cryptic of his prophetic books, *Jerusalem*, because this, more than any other, exposes him to the charge of incoherencies.

"(1) Man has no body distinct from his soul." All systems of religion have taught that man *possesses* a soul, whereas Blake would have us understand that the reverse is the case:

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Edmund Spenser had long before expressed the same truth thus :—

For of the Soul the Body Form doth take  
For Soul is Form and doth the Body make.

Or to quote certain lines of Blake from *Jerusalem*, more cryptic but signifying the same idea :—

In great eternity every particular Form gives forth or Emanates  
Its own peculiar Light, and the Form is the Divine Vision  
And the Light is his Garment. This is Jerusalem in every Man,  
A Tent and Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness.—p. 54.

Then he goes on to remark that the body in its ordinary conception is but that portion or product of soul which we can see and touch. Hence it comes that when we have left our childhood and have reached those years of discretion which so sedulously forbid the sacramental bread, when we have come to trust those five senses for what they are not worth, when we see not through but merely with our eyes, we disbelieve in anything but ocular evidence. Therefore we believe more in the body than the soul, though many for religious purposes still claim that the soul does really exist, if merely as a nebulous appendix which we can for the present most happily dispense with. And then this aphorism ends with a touch of bitter satire on the philosophy of Locke, the most trusted philosopher in that eighteenth century. This philosophy Blake scorns : the soul, in this age, is nothing more forsooth than a by-product of experience contributed by the five senses ! He frequently refers to the soul being imprisoned in the five senses ; they are merely inlets for experiences, not outlets to the Eternal.

The second of these aphorisms is a little hard to understand unless we already know something of what the Master is driving at. We must remember that the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* is a conglomeration of bombs, each accurately compounded and craftily timed to hurl at the heads of all intel-

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lectual, religious, and state tyrants. Their dynamite is for the most part scathing satire, and will scarcely have more effect in reforming the respectable criminals who are mighty in their seats than an anarchist's bomb will instil mercy into a grand-duke's heart. But Blake says elsewhere: "When I tell a truth it is not to convince those who do not know it but to protect those who do." And his sort of bomb hurts not the faithful, but invigorates.

"Energy is the only life, and is from the body." This is a slap to the orthodox, one would think, and a paradox to the former condemnation of the senses. He would save those orthodox from condemning any part of our nature. Energy is divine impulse, we elsewhere learn, the work of the imagination, and the desire for it is the light that lighteth every man who comes into the world. It is the only life. It is at once work, conquest, and worship. But its means is the oft-despised body without which nothing is done. The resurrection of the body was an idea essential in Blake's creed. And while he realizes more powerfully than any prophet before him how "the gross flesh hems us in," he honoured his servant, his "body the ass." Thus in *Jerusalem*, p. 55, he says: "Let the human organs be kept in their perfect integrity, at will contracting into worms, or expanding into Gods." A message surely that for all time should be the watchword of the man of science! The worm is the symbol of small, sluggish, often dormant, beginnings of unknown power. One day it expands into butterfly beauty, and the eternal miracle is aflame. And man should know more of his seedlike energies locked away in the cabinet of his body. At will should the poet be able to call down his larks from the sky to find grubs for their nestlings. At will should the microscopist who gropes among unprofitable secrets be capable of flight in the empyrean. At times should the sharp-fingered anatomists who

Stumble all night over bones of the dead



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be capable of rising in supplication to the eternal sun of life.

Now, lest this appeal for the dignity of life's energy should be mistaken, lest indeed people like Mr. Swinburne and others should ever accuse him of endorsing licence, Blake appends to this aphorism these memorable words :—

“And reason is the bound or outward circumference of energy.” In other words—and in the teaching of every other work of Blake—this instinctive energy, this imagining birth-right of man, is worse than useless to us if we do not use it aright. This energy is nothing without noble purpose. Life without object, imagination without reason, energy without order, are mighty powers prostituted and in process of ceasing to be. “He who desires but acts not breeds pestilence.” “Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.” These are two of the Proverbs that are so stupidly misunderstood; and even a great poet has mistaken the metaphor. The divine energy of life must be allowed its wing. “When thou seest an eagle thou seest a portion of genius; lift up thy head!” In other words, do not dare to think you can cage an eagle. It cannot be done; for an eagle caged is but divine energy prostituted to the tyranny of man; it ceases to be a portion of genius and is become a product of constraint, and a lie to the living truth. It is life robbed of purpose. Everywhere Blake is crying the same truth in the wilderness, and no one hears. Life robbed of liberty to fulfil breeds pestilence: this is the key to *The Daughters of Albion*. The glory of all desire, of all inspiration, is its purpose; and if you seek to restrain these tigers of fire by the “horses of instruction,” they become “tigers of wrath.” This is the key to the books of Los and of Urizen. And both must be opened if we would enter the disordered treasure-house of the *Jerusalem*. Blake is absolutely and persistently assertive of the truth of life's purpose. Mr. Swinburne is wholly misleading us; and his puppet *Art for Art's sake*,

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though he would father the puny abortion upon our prophet, is hateful to Blake. Art is for the ennobling of life, for the manifestation to man of the worth of life and the glory of the heavens. Art without purpose is art with a worm in its soul, and a worm that breeds pestilence. "Truth has bounds, error none," Blake declares in the book of *Urizen*. And we dare not forget this awful doom of forgetting the purpose of our energy. Yet if truth has bounds, if energy must have reason for its outward circumference, we need have no fear of reason's despotism; for our horizon is hedged in only by the limitations of our energies. Reason is minister to the imagination, and must never become its master.

For all are men in eternity, rivers, mountains, cities, villages.  
All are human, and when you enter into their bosom, you walk  
In Heavens and Earths; as in your bosom you bear your Heaven  
And Earth, and all you behold: though it appears without, it is within,  
In your imagination, of which this world of Mortality is but a shadow.

*Jerusalem*, iii. p. 71.

These lines also are from *Jerusalem*. Compare with them the words in *Heaven and Hell*, "All deities reside in the human breast." And this second aphorism is the theme of all the prophetic books, as indeed it is the theme, if not of the songs of *Innocence*, at least of many of the songs of *Experience*, some of which, like the prophetic books, are more than a little cryptic. The deities that reside in the empire of our hearts are in these ages at warfare. Our salvation looks almost hopeless, and our beloved country is groaning under the golden hoof and forgetting her inspiration. Her energy that should be her eternal delight is become a bond-slave to wealth and greed. The peasant no more ploughs, nor does the maiden spin; for both are willing to sell their energies into slavery, that the master who fattens and kills them may himself find hell. The eternal delight that is man's birthright is smelted into money that can buy nothing. The maiden has

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choice only to die in a naphtha-hell or to breed the pestilence that comes of forbidding energy its purposeful outcome. The upshot of the warfare in our cosmogony between the spirit and the matter, between purpose and the wilderness which gives it opportunity of conquest, between the fire of the Holy Ghost and the wet blanket of respectability, between imagination and reason, poetry and science, mastery and cringing humility ; the upshot of the warfare looks to us now, who see not the end and yet are still purposed something in our energy, wellnigh hopeless. The eternal delight of energy, even ours who groan, is prostituted into mere wanton pleasures ; and, not content with our own unsought damnation, we damn everything we touch ; even in hell we must have companions. And joy will not be won for our energy until the deities regnant in our hearts understand their respective duties and the needs of the empire they inhabit.

They must renew their brightness, and their disorganized functions  
Again reorganize till they resume the image of the human,  
Co-operating in the bliss of Man, obeying his will,  
Servants to the infinite and eternal of the human form.—*Vala*, ix. l. 369.

Seemingly these subsidiary gods cannot believe that their freedom is won not by tyranny over one another, but by obedience to the eternal purpose of their dominant master, the Will of the Man. Just as the material universe may be said to be compounded of many forces and attributes, so the eternal heart of man is compounded of many laws and is the habitation of many gods. Even as material phenomena may all be consequent upon one embracing energy of many manifestations, so is the everlasting manhood at once responsible for and master of its self-deities. With all his terrible denunciation, denunciation that is expressible only in the most terrible metaphor, Blake, like every true prophet, is optimist ; because he believes in God and therefore in man,

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because he believes that with both all things are possible. And his optimism cannot doubt that his beloved England will yet find her salvation.

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark Satanic Mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.—Preface to *Milton*.

But now, having dared suggest to you something of my beloved Master's spirit, I must, in fairness to those whose opinions we discount, let you see what grounds, besides the misinterpretation of his friends, there may be for suspecting Blake of madness. This very book of *Jerusalem* is indeed a strange medley of passionate poetry and catalogued bathos. We have pages and pages of stuff that were not worth reading, but for the shining gems hidden here and there among the rubbish. Yet, as if to make amends for the waste of fine language, the illustrations to this book are more helpful in elucidating the text than in many of Blake's writings. Often it looks as if, although his drawings in general are every one descriptive of some idea peculiarly his own, they do not correspond with the text of the book in which they are found. Thus the extraordinary, but

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far from beautiful, picture in the *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* of the Birth of the Imagination, and the fleeing away of the people in dread of such a prodigy, is only quite intelligible when we read a description of the dire event in the *Daughters of Albion*. But in the *Jerusalem* the cuts belong much more nearly to the text, and many are almost self-explanatory. But in spite of this help, we must admit that Blake's small power of criticizing his own work implies some lack of mental balance. This is the fault, I suppose, of the man of imagination undisciplined in the schools. The tigers of wrath ill brook the horses of intellect and devour them before submitting to their instruction. Yet the sun that illuminates Blake's spirit is not the less lofty or brilliant that it often seems as if in danger of being lost in the lawless jungle of his imagination. But even here, amidst masterful horrors and cringing monsters, the sun rays penetrate with lovely brilliance. And if the apparent purposelessness of our prophet's vast weediness seems often to justify the verdict of madness, we are again and again, while striving to find passage through the jungle, driven to exclaim that Blake's madness is infinitely greater than our own sanity. For at any rate we find his mind never wholly divorced from the sunlight, the great illuminant of nature; while we, with our rushlights of convention, "our decency and custom starving truth," to quote Wordsworth, our groping timidity and uncertain walking in our gloomy streets, think our education and our musty records, our fearful theology and boastful superiority to enthusiasm, must keep us sane and give us power to criticize the jungle we hardly dare enter, despite its gleams of sunshine.

But, when all this is admitted, even when we feel bound to grant that the jungle of Blake's imagination is lawless, we find ourselves greatly at fault in judging therefrom that he lacked sanity. To the agriculturalist the jungle is aboriginal, and as far removed from usefulness as the intellect of a Bedlamite.

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Nevertheless the jungle is as much the outcome of natural law as pleasant pastures ; in their subjection to human purpose lies the difference. So what appears unprofitable in Blake's luxuriant imagination is but unprofitable perhaps from the point of view of our matter-of-fact utilitarian minds ; he is but running wild like a child who feels that nursery restrictions are altogether immoral when judged from the standpoint of his need to live in the full vigour of delight. So far as the *Jerusalem* serves a predicable purpose, we may consider it as unreasoned and having but little bearing upon the practical needs and facts of life. And, indeed, because a child's wild joy in liberty finds no place in an educational code, many will hold it to be inimical to the ideals of education, and therefore ill-purposed and lacking in sanity. Enthusiasm and imagination, unless severely curbed by convention and logic, are considered by the majority as intellectually dangerous. Nevertheless undisciplined joy and boundless enthusiasm for the ideals of life are very real properties of life. Indeed, they come very near to being the simplest expression of life itself. And no wise man will quarrel with the poet's gifts, even if he dare not desire them.

The whole question as to the sanity of the prophetic books lies in the question whether their images are inspired by definite ideals that can be expressed in no fitter way, whether, that is, the imaginative life is disciplined by purpose, by good to be won. Of this there can, I think, be no question whatever.

Blake's imagination was essentially Gothic. Or perhaps, if I had more accurate knowledge, I should say that in comparison with the more disciplined Gothic, his art was Byzantine. His hatred of fine faultless line and shallow harmony, his love of roaring cavern depths, masses of mystic shadow, unanswerable recognition of the interdependence of so-called right and wrong, of freedom and bondage, recalls Ruskin's

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description of the Byzantine ideals in the *Seven Lamps of Architecture* :—

The rolling heap of the thunder cloud, divided by rents and multiplied by wreaths, yet gathering them all into its broad, torrid, and towering zone, and its midnight darkness opposite : the scarcely less majestic heave of the mountain side, all torn and traversed by depth of defile and ridge of rock, yet never losing the unity of its illumined swell and shadowy decline ; and the head of every mighty tree, rich with tracery of leaf and bough, yet terminated against the sky by a true line, and rounded by a green horizon, which, multiplied in the distant forest, makes it look bossy from above ; all these mark, for a great and honoured law, that diffusion of light for which the Byzantine ornaments were designed.

But I must take you back again for a moment to Blake's childlike nature. We discover in it certain inevitable faults of his virtue. His exaggerations in praise and blame with his often outrageous and ugly figures are alike explained by his lack of the gift of weighing evidences. Comparisons to him were odious : just as to the child who, when asked which of the two he loves better, insists that he loves both best. Comparison demands intellect and intellect only. To Blake, such task was wellnigh impossible. Yet his instinctive valuation of things was so true that we can ill bear the thought of even *his* own mere intellect judging them. For had he possessed that critical faculty which is only elicited by patient submission to scholastic method, we most assuredly had never known this *Jerusalem*. He hated going over his own work, as is known, because probably the very descent of his spirit to the level of mere intellectuality, as distinguished from creative labour, entirely changed the point of view ; it made the eagle's outlook seem quite inaccessible, and therefore of doubtful value.

And this sort of suffering attends all genius that would reform its own offspring. Though Blake was no critic, he generally knew what was good and bad ; but, like the child again, he would judge their work by his love or dislike of the



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artists. His praise of Fuseli's and Flaxman's work was the inevitable consequence of their flattery, which lasted just so long as they could pick his brains. He even found great merit in Wainwright the poisoner's Academy picture, seemingly because Wainwright admired and bought his books. But for that matter, Lamb too had admitted the gifted criminal to his circle. And Blake could condemn in scathing terms, as he did the Carraccis, Rubens, and even Reynolds; while Correggio he calls "a soft and effeminate and consequently a most cruel demon whose whole delight is to cause endless labour to whoever suffers him to enter his mind." Yet so fine was his appreciation, which does not mean criticism, that Charles Lamb, who, strangely enough, never met him, writes in 1824 :—

His pictures—one in particular, the *Canterbury Pilgrims* (far above Stothard's)—have great merit, but hard, dry, yet with grace. He has written a Catalogue of them with a most spirited criticism on Chaucer, but mystical and full of Vision. His poems have been sold hitherto only in manuscript. I never read them; but a friend of mine at my desire procured the "Sweep Song." There is one to a tiger, which I have heard recited, beginning,

"Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,  
Through the deserts of the night,"

which is glorious, but alas! I have not the book; for the man is flown, whither I know not—to Hades or a Mad-house. But I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age.—E. V. Lucas's *Life of Charles Lamb*, Vol. II, p. 125.

One inevitable consequence of his inability to compare critically his own work with accepted standards was the charge of personal vanity; a fault indeed, belonging peculiarly to childhood, and deserving the epithet childish. Thus he speaks of his own work as though it were all he meant it to be; and, seeing that it was in his own day almost wholly unappreciated, he found it necessary to explain its merits to the public. Indeed, he unblushingly compares it with Raphael's. But a man



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like this, "as incapable," Crabb Robinson assures us, "of envy as he was of discontent," was hardly a vessel for vulgar vanity. He was so deeply possessed by the truth of his work's purpose that he could not throw himself outside it to see how others would misunderstand his ardour.

It is as if (to use Goethe's figure), having seen from within the cathedral of his own soul great glories shining through its rich-hued windows, he had then gone without, and found the stupid public staring at the outside of the windows, declaring that, because the sun was brighter outside, they were justified in laughing at the poet's tales of glories within. "You can admire," he might say, "your Carraccis and Correggios because they hit you in the eye with their paint-brushes and make you see lies strutting like dandies. You can even prate about Raphael, though you can no more learn the truth from his work than you can see beauty in mine. Yet we both have learned our art from the same school. And I know my work is true. You are incapable of seeing it, and therefore you call me vain and mad!" Indeed, this child-nature is the clue to all his unintelligibility as well as his apparent vanity. It was never himself that Blake was so sure of; it was the truth of what he would teach.

Somewhat vain he was,  
Or seemed so, yet it was not vanity,  
But fondness, and a kind of radiant joy  
Diffused around him, while he was intent  
On works of love or freedom, or revolved  
Complacently the progress of a cause,  
Whereof he was a part; yet this was meek  
And placid, and took nothing from the man  
That was delightful.—*Prelude*, book ix. line 313.

Thus Wordsworth of his friend General Beaupuy, the revolutionist; and I cannot help feeling that they fit Blake.

But I dare not leave my subject without saying something of our prophet's power of seeing visions, which power more

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than any other point in his character has exposed him to the charge of madness. But there is no real difficulty in understanding this gift, though its precise significance is not easy to define. The imagination, in taking concrete form for the sake of expressing what it feels, always goes through a process of visualizing. When, more especially, the imagination is dealing with purely abstract concepts, it has no other means of definite thinking about these concepts, still less of definitely teaching them, than the means of symbolic representation. Thus, when Blake feels himself suddenly and mightily inspired at thought of the eternal joy that must fill all created things in realizing the will of their Maker, he, for his own better understanding as well as for his better means of expression, instinctively visualizes the words of Job, "And all the sons of God shouted for joy." To him the words are an inspiration; and the Holy Spirit, the eternal indwelling power of God, makes this inspiration assume concrete form in the painter's eye. The words of Job are graphic enough: they are the poet's words indeed, and for many will suffice. But with Blake, the Seer of Truth in things, the emotion for which Job finds words, finds form in pictorial art. He sees the sons of God, potent in wings, uplifted in thought, ordering their movements in sense of the everlasting harmony, shouting together in their joy of life. Blake has seen his vision. And he must give it to us, as otherwise it would be worthless to him. For in matters of truth, the widow's cruse is the only measure of worth. Like her meal too, it must be given to whomsoever needs, even if the wilderness has to be searched for the hungry.

I believe, if we could analyse the way by which the genius works, we should find that it is simply through seeing visions. For genius is something more than making use of materials we have collected, or experiences that we have won. It is the power of drawing upon our ancestral, our divine inheritance, and realizing how this inheritance is one with the life of all

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things. It is indeed in the rare souls of highest virtue, instinctive knowledge of the power of God Himself, and an instinctive feeling of how this power is at work in bird and butterfly, in the starry lights, in the anguish of broken hopes. The genius, having this power in him as the secret of his own life, knows how this same secret orders all things. So that, for instance, he has knowledge of the joy in all true sons of God, and sees their joy in a vision. He is one with the spirit that uplifts the skylark and makes him scatter his little joy broadcast over the earth; he sees the truth of it and sings himself of it in glorious verse. And even in fiction the real genius surpasses altogether his actual experience of life and men. He knows them, and writes not of how he *believes* they would speak in this or that circumstance, but of what he has unconsciously visualized and therefore knows to be true of life. Indeed, he has visions of the men and women he is creating, though he does not speak of his inspiration in such words. He will tell you, and I speak of one friend of my own, that he *saw* this or that invented incident, and he therefore knows it is true. This visionary power is altogether different from the mere relation of events of which he may have been the spectator. It is the difference between the genius of imagination with its symbolic presentation, and the talent of memory with its mimic reproduction. And so I take it are Blake's visions: not the substance that dreams are made of—not the fanciful fears of the too impressionable child—not the ghosts of the superstitious or the incoherent rhapsodies of the lunatic. Blake himself made sharp distinction between terrifying ghosts, the delusions of a disordered stomach, and the visions of truth. He knew well, I must think, the psychologist's distinction between illusions of the senses and delusions of the mind—a distinction which the legal authorities admit as differentiating mere erratic brain-work from insanity. For as long as a man knows when he may be self-cheated, he is

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sane indeed. So long as he knows his visions are not concrete, or that his imagination must not be trusted to see in the dark, say, when he is driving a motor, not even the most unimaginative mental specialist would dare accuse him, because of his visions and imaginations, of being insane; and this, although the said specialist loves to speak of a certain gift, which he is too blind to possess, as being akin to madness.

The genius, I say, knows that he must speak or sing or paint because, and only because, he has no other alternative whatsoever. One man may look his hardest and honestest to find truth, so that, having found it, he may give it to others. But the genius, without looking, without being conscious of intent, sees things beyond the vision of men. The honest searcher may look deeply and laboriously into the mind of Blake, and, for all his honesty, may see but a reed shaken in the wind; but those who have in them, as every one has to greater or less degree, the possibility of singing, will let the voice of the king nightingale awaken their own piping and make them too sing with great or faltering note, to the glory of the heavens. Though the genius may fail for lack of faith, though he may so prostitute his gifts that they breed iniquity, they are yet of the Holy Spirit; and no study of man and nature by observation, no devotion even of the life to the service of man, will find the great gift of seeing visions and telling to men the truth of them. Nevertheless, Blake at least declared in most emphatic word that the seeing of visions was not a special gift to him or other seers. "He only claimed," says Linnell, one of his most ardent disciples, "the possession of a power that all men have, but mostly lose because of their vanity and unrighteousness." To see visions is, in one sense, but seeing through and not with the eye. In another it is the involuntary instinctive personifying of abstractions. To a lady who asked Blake where he had seen certain lambs in a meadow that turned out to be sculptured he replied, tapping his forehead, "Here,

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madam"—an answer quite sufficient to one who has never realized that, for instance, the mechanical droning of the Scriptures in church will never inspire the people. The point was simply this: that with him the spiritual was in all things supreme, and the supreme danger in life was dependence upon things, the worship of symbols, the mistaking the letter for the law, works for the faith, and so on. And throughout his life he was sublimely consistent.

If I had only depended upon mortal things, both myself and my wife must have been lost. If we fear to do the dictates of our angels, and tremble at the tasks set before us; if we refuse to do spiritual acts because of natural fears or natural desires, who can describe the torment of such a state! I too well remember the threats I heard.

Crabb Robinson, who loved him so well that we must accept all he has to say of the prophet's so-called madness, wrote:—

When he said "my vision" it was in the ordinary unemphatic tone in which we speak of everyday matters. In the same tone he said repeatedly, "The Spirit told me." I took occasion to say, "You express yourself as Socrates used to do. What resemblance do you suppose there is between your spirit and his?" "The same as between our countenances." He paused and added, "I was Socrates," and then, as if correcting himself, "a sort of brother. I must have had conversations with him. So I had with Jesus Christ. I have an obscure recollection of being with both of them."

And let there be no mistake about the spiritual energy necessary for submission to these spiritual visitations. Blake was no mere sensitive plate of a photographic camera, upon which the supposed spirit-minds might work their will. He was no charlatan or clairvoyant that he should fall into a trance and then relate what things had taken possession of his passive mind. On the contrary, his vision-seeing was the might of imagination, the seizing hold of his heart by tongues of fire, the carrying of his acquiescent yet mightily winged soul deep into the abyss, out beyond the heights, and always to the un-

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folding of the human mystery. How much he suffered over these visions none can tell, and only one ever knew. This was his Kate. Their courtship was this. "Oh, Mr. Blake, I pity you!" said the illiterate tender Catherine Boucher when he told of his first and only love-disappointment. "You pity me?" replied the young man; "then I love you!" That was the sowing of the seed. The blossoming of the flower must have brought joy to the angels; for night after night, for hours at a time, the man would sit absorbed in his visions of mystic births, battles and destroyings all leaping in furnaces of flame, all peopling the empire of the human soul. Within the palaces and dungeons of this eternal soul he would hear Los, the human God of Purpose, towering above the forces of destruction, hammering away at his red-hot self-hood, the terrific sparks rushing forth to blind the cringing fears; Urizen hurling anathemas upon the man for outdaring his iron laws; Orc, the soul who unweaves the nets of tyranny, who snaps the manacles that tie men to purposeless submission, and ever urges them onwards to their destiny in righteous rebellion; Vala, the Spirit of Beauty and Orc's spiritual bride; Enitharmon, the gentle Emanation of Los's Spectre, who knew her spouse was greater than the works of his Anvil; Bromion, the filthy monster in human form who befogs the sunshine into darkness, who prostitutes the beautiful and makes it people the slimy marsh with horrors. Such were his visions, and they brought strivings enough and dire anguish to the great soul, as he sat lost in the silent hours of the night, until at last his eyes would close upon their mystic seeing and open upon the breaking dawn. And then, when the night's battle was over, when the body was weak, the face white with suffering, and the eyes all a-shining, then would this loving woman lead him away by the hand, whose hold she had never left in all the dark hours. Out into the fields and woods would they go to meet the rising sun. And these two together

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would walk perhaps their thirty miles before the daily toil with facts could be once more faced.

Were time at our disposal, I could make you, by reading this madman's miraculous, if often offending words, so deeply in love with his wisdom that you would acclaim his brotherhood with the prophets of old. If his words be madness, then is there no hope left for us. If his visions qualified him as mentally unfit, then had we best give up for ever our ideals, our self-denials, our hope in the beautiful, our faith in the true.

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By ARTHUR SIDGWICK.

**I**N 1820 Thomas Carlyle, son of a Scotch stone-mason, wrote some essays for Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopædia*. In 1875 he published an article in *Fraser*, the last of his writings that saw the light in his lifetime. In 1881, on 5th February, he died, perhaps the greatest man of letters in England.

During the whole of that fifty-five years, it may almost be said, he was hard at work, reading, thinking, or writing—more continuously and more exhaustingly than any man of his time, with hardly a month's really robust health, and suffering from the two things most distressing to a man who lives by his brains, sleeplessness and dyspepsia; and during all that time he issued work after work—Histories, Essays, Criticisms, Pamphlets, Biographies, Appeals—one might almost say Sermons—works which all bear the impress of his thoroughness and unwearied energy, his vivid imagination, his forcible humorous expression, and generally the marked power and individuality of his mind and character.

We have often in these latter days heard Carlyle referred to as a Prophet. The name was not unfrequently misunderstood. It was given him by Professor Seeley, a critic of great force and originality, and he meant prophet in the old Hebrew sense; not a man who foretells—for no one could be a worse prophet than Carlyle in this sense—but a man possessed with a purpose, and charged with a message. Carlyle, like other prophets, may weary by iteration; but he has no doubt of the truth and value of his message. Like other prophets, he is not a philosopher, but an awakener; he does not gently lead



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us to the truth, he drags us there, hurls it at us, banters us, browbeats us, denounces us, makes us weep and tremble and laugh by turns : amuses, instructs, excites, touches, alarms ; always to the same end, with the same moral in his view.

What is the end and the moral ? If it is to be summed up in a word, it is the word Sincerity. To him the principle of evil is the sham, and the age is an age of sham. The only thing that ever comes to any good in the world is Reality, Veracity, Honesty ; Acting, not Talking ; Performing, not Promising ; believing, not making believe to believe. And "is it not an age of shams ?" he seems to say. In *Religion*, we have vast professions and little reality : the gnat strained out, the camel daily swallowed : the mote magnified, the beam ignored : Fanatics, Fools, and Hypocrites bribing and threatening the timid and muddle-headed, to bolster up baseless claims and incredible dogmas. In *Labour*, he finds idle work, bad work, false work : all aiming at credit, fame, gain, not silent reality of performance. In *Commerce*, imitation for genuine goods : all things not unpretending and durable, but showy and perishable : everywhere Advertisement, Prospectus, Fraud : Colossal fortune, no service rendered. In *Literature*, a swarm of frothy periodicals, leading articles, speeches, sham books : the silently made, wise, faithful, true *book* replaced by the hasty, shallow semblance of wisdom. In *Politics*, not the best ruling others, not Wisdom guiding ignorance : but Stump Oratory, Collective Imbecility, Parliamentary Eloquence, Vote by Ballot, the Many (Fools) coercing the Few (Wise), Chaos, Incompetence, Confusion.

Two remarks naturally occur on all this.

First, it is not new. As long as human beings have existed there have been humbugs. The ancient Greeks charged each other freely with corruption ; and, if we may trust their comedies, their merchants used to damp their wool to make it heavier, and to sell damaged skins for boots. The ancient

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Hebrews, we are told by the Scriptures, used to give light weight: they used to cheat as well as oppress the poor. "Lip-service" is condemned in the Old Testament and hypocrisy in the New. Where is the originality of Carlyle's indictment? Well—we may perhaps meet that. Originality must not be looked for in the wrong place. The prophet is original, not because he finds new faults to attack, but because of the Insight with which he seizes on the Important thing at the time: the loftiness and stability of his Ideal: and the skill and force, the humour, the knowledge, the moral power with which he drives his lessons home.

Again, it may be said, such a man is not so much a teacher as a cynic. To do good, to inspire men, we must look forward, speak of the better things to come, dwell on the possible good, and not always deplore the actual ill. To hope, to admire, to excite, is to be a prophet; to denounce, to condemn, to despair, is to be a cynic.

There is some truth in this certainly, and no doubt Carlyle was inclined so far to cynicism that he was gloomy and low-pitched in his views of the general qualities of mankind, and was disposed to rate the average man too low, just as his criterion of heroism covered some very competent scoundrels. But what distinguished him from a cynic was—two things. First, his own high ideal of human aims and virtues: if mankind were, on the whole, largely fools or knaves—still he held up the banner: the ideal for all was plain—to strive after the best. The cynic, on the other hand, as he thinks little of men, so he expects little: and his own standard becomes insensibly spotted with his creed. The most difficult faith is to believe effectively—what is nevertheless always true—that there are other men who are better than ourselves. Secondly, Carlyle had a real and a deep-lying enthusiasm of his own—all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. To the real cynic enthusiasm is usually annoying, and invariably at bottom

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incomprehensible. The cynic is a spiritual fungus : he lives on rottenness : he spreads rottenness, and he is himself, morally speaking, eaten of worms. Cynic is most assuredly not the word for the man whom Swinburne calls *the stormy sophist with his mouth of thunder*.

It is well known how eloquently Carlyle used to praise Silence, and bid us all not talk but do. Some people have jibed at him for this : and there is apparently an opening for satire in such advice from a man who spent fifty-five years in incessant and, if I may use the words, resonant and *vociferous* writing. But there is no real incongruity. The praise of Silence is really only another form of the praise of Sincerity. It is a man's business to *do* and not to talk about it ; and it is not against serious conscientious work in Literature that his protest is at all directed, but against all forms of Vapouring, Puff, Plausibility, Profession—the words that *are sham*, and not the words that are *real*. Of real literature no man more felt the dignity and the importance : no man had a higher ideal : and no man gave it more imaginative and eloquent expression. Let me quote a passage or two ; for surely there are few better tests of the quality of a man, than the light in which he regards his own profession.

‘Literature,’ he says, speaking of the poet Schiller’s attitude towards his own work, ‘Genuine Literature includes the essence of philosophy, religion, art : whatever speaks to the immortal part of man. The Daughter, she is likewise the nurse, of all that is spiritual and exalted in our character. The boon she bestows is truth : truth not merely physical, political, economical, such as the *sensual* (=materialist) man is forever demanding, ever ready to reward, and in general likely to find : but truth of moral feeling, truth of taste, that inward truth which only the most ethereal portion of our nature can discern, but without which that portion of it languishes and dies, and we are left divested of our birthright—no longer to be called the sons of Heaven. The treasures of Literature are thus celestial, imperishable, beyond price : to be among the guardians and servants of this is the noblest function that can be entrusted to a mortal. Genius—is the inspired gift of God :

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'a solemn mandate to its owner to go forth and labour in his sphere, to  
'keep alive the sacred fire among his brethren, which the heavy and  
'polluted atmosphere of this world is forever threatening to extinguish.  
'Woe to him if he hear not this small voice—if he turn this inspired gift  
'into the servant of his evil or ignoble passions : if he offer it on the altar  
'of vanity, or sell it for a piece of money.' (Schiller, 156.)

Nominally in this fine passage he is describing Schiller's view of literature : it is impossible, however, to mistake the ring of these words ; it is his own ideal.

In an early letter to his brother John (translator of *Dante*) we have a pregnant passage expressing his unconquerable sense of a duty to speak, a message to deliver. It is all the more remarkable, as it comes in the midst of gloomy forebodings about himself, and doubts if he would ever come to anything—such gloom and depression as his temperament was too liable to ; but here he bursts out :—

"Thought falls on us like seed—only time and silence can ripen it.—  
"Had I two potatoes in the world and one true Idea, I should hold it my  
"duty to part with one potato for paper and ink, and live on the other  
"till I got what was in me written."

The immediate context too is interesting and characteristic ; he is warning his brother against hack writing in periodicals ; he compares it to soil which has to be riddled monthly to see if there was a grain of worth in it.

This feeling, that it was degrading in the literary man to fall short of the highest sincerity of motive—to write anything but his best, for gain or fame or power—was one of Carlyle's deepest and strongest convictions.

'For a genuine man' (he says in his lectures on "Heroes," 1837) it is  
'no evil to be poor. There *ought* to be literary men poor, to show  
'whether they are genuine or not—who will say that a Johnson is not  
'the better for being poor ? It is needful for him to know that outward  
'profit, success of any kind, is not the goal he has to aim at. Money  
'can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and  
'confine it there, and even spurn it back when it wishes to get farther.'

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These are noble words : and not only did he speak them from his heart, but no man ever lived whose unswerving faithfulness to his ideal of literary sincerity, whose prolonged struggle with poverty, and unspotted simplicity of life, more impressively bore out in practice the doctrine he preached.

In another part of the lecture on the Hero as Man of Letters he touches even a higher note.

‘I say of all priesthoods, aristocracies, governing classes, at present extant in this world, there is no class comparable for importance to the Priesthood of the writers of books. “Literature will take care of itself,” said Mr. Pitt, when applied to for some help for Robert Burns. “Yes,” adds Mr. Southey, “it will take care of itself; and of you too if you do not look to it.”’ (*Heroes*, 310, 311.)

And in a yet more exalted strain about Books, in his great work *Sartor Resartus*:—

‘Wondrous indeed is the virtue of Books. Not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, yearly needing repair—like a spiritual tree, let me rather say, standing from year to year, and from age to age—yearly comes its new produce of leaves—every one of which is a talisman that can persuade men. O thou who art able to write a book, which once in the two centuries or oftener there is a man gifted to do, envy not him whom they name City builder and inexpressibly pity him whom they name Conqueror and City burner! Thou too art a Conqueror and Victor, but of the true sort, namely over the Devil: thou too hast built what will outlast all marble and metal, and be a wonder-bringing city of the mind, a Temple and Seminary and Prophetic Mount, whereto all kindreds of the earth will Pilgrim.’ (*Sartor*, 105.)

And as the ideal of the calling is high, and sincerity of motive must be the foundation of all, so thoroughness of work in detail, completeness, endurance of drudgery—in short, sincerity of *execution* is the first essential.

‘If I want an “article,”’ he says (“Shooting Niagara,” 1867?), ‘let it be genuine, at whatever price. If the price is too high, I will go without it, unequipped with it for the present: I shall not have equipped

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‘myself with a hypocrisy at any rate. . . . One hears sometimes of religious ‘controversies running very high, about faith, works, grace, convenient ‘grace, Essays and Reviews, into none of which do I enter . . . one ‘thing I will remind you of, that the essence and outcome of all religions, ‘creeds and liturgies whatsoever, is to do your work in a faithful manner. ‘Unhappy caitiff, what is to you the use of Orthodoxy, if with every ‘stroke of your hammer you are breaking all the ten Commandments— ‘operating upon devils’ dust . . . and endeavouring to reap where you ‘have not sown?’

Let us see a little nearer how the main works of this strange writer bear upon this theme. I must pass over with the barest mention the work he began with, namely that of interpreting to the English reader the field of German literature then largely unknown. It may seem strange that the gloomy Scotch moralist and humorist should have begun life with the German Romantic literature of the Revolution. It may seem as if along with much vigour and brilliancy there was in that literary revival much of what would least appeal to Carlyle : much of what he has denounced as phantasmal and unveracious. It may even seem that Goethe was for all his greatness a strange hero for the Chelsea Jeremiah. The explanation is perhaps simple. He was himself unformed ; and his German studies helped to form him. He was looking out for ideas : and ideas were then rich on that soil. He was sensitive to real genius, free from illusion : and Goethe was far the greatest genius then above the horizon. And, moreover, there was something in the German nature to which Carlyle felt himself akin. On the moral side the domestic purity, the simplicity, the homely friendliness, the deep-lying piety, combined with real intellectual freedom : on the mental side the patience, the thoroughness, the industry, the solid sincerity of learning and research—even the element of grimness and grotesquery in the Teutonic imagination—all these things put together will go some way to explain the attraction which the young Carlyle found in German literature. In two of his latest productions,

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"Shooting Niagara" (1867) and a letter on German War (1871) he speaks of England, France, and Germany—not without a good deal of humorous and rhetorical exaggeration, but still with a real meaning—England as 'drowned in beer butts, wine butts, gluttonies, slaveries and quackeries': France as 'vapouring, vainglorious, quarrelsome, gesticulating, and restless': but 'noble, patient, deep pious and solid Germany.'

In 1831 appeared that striking work, *Sartor Resartus*. It often happens with a great writer that there is one of his works which may not be the best or most artistic or important, but is always associated with his name as peculiarly typical, as presenting the author's special savour in a concentrated form, as constituting for the admirer and disciple the central and canonical work. What *Pickwick* is to Dickens: what *Romola* is to George Eliot: what *Vanity Fair* is to Thackeray: what *Faust* is to Goethe, *In Memoriam* to Tennyson: that *Sartor Resartus* is to Carlyle.

The first glance at this book is almost bewildering. It is ostensibly an account, by an English Editor, of a remarkable work lately appeared in Germany. This work is called *The Origin and Influence of Clothes*, by Diogenes Devilsdung, published by Silence and Co., at the University town of Dunnowhere. Diogenes is Professor of Things in General. He gives no lectures (like some other professors): but (unlike all I ever heard of) he is content to receive no salary. All things seem settling into chaos, says the Official Programme: it is enough to establish the professorship, it may be useful by and by. The professor himself is presented to us; he sits in Craze Alley in a remote part of Dunnowhere, in his little den in an attic. Thence from four windows, N. S. E. W., he looks down on men and things, on Dunnowhere and the Universe: there he sits and reads and thinks and writes: and talks to all his friends wildly, eloquently, profoundly, jestingly, about Mankind: and there he has excogitated the *Clothes Philosophy*.



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Let us glance a little at this philosophy.

'Look around,' says the Professor, 'and what does the world consist of? Fellow men of all ranks and classes. What do you see of them? Their outside—their clothes. Do you know the brave man by sight? No, you only know the soldier's uniform, his clothes. Do you know the holy man, the Divine man, the teacher? No. You see a clergyman, a bishop: and you know him by his clothes. How do you know a King from a Waggoner? By their clothes. To the eye of Logic what is man? A carnivorous biped that has clothes. What are Societies, Gatherings, Colleges, Schools, Churches, Parliaments—nay all Ceremonies, Pageants, Customs of men, but collections and displays of clothes? If you would know your fellow man, you must *look through these clothes*. The beginning of all wisdom,' says Diogenes, 'is to look fixedly on clothes till they become *transparent*. Shall we tremble,' he asks with a sudden burst of seriousness characteristic of this eccentric professor, 'shall we tremble before clothwebs and cobwebs, whether woven in Arkwright looms, or by the silent weavings of our Imagination? Happy he who can look thro' the clothes of a man to the man himself; and discern it may be in this or the other dread potentate, a more or less incompetent digestive apparatus—yet also an inscrutable venerable Mystery, in the meanest Tinker that sees with eyes!'

(*Sartor Resartus*, 40.)

The art of staring through clothes is pursued by our quaint philosopher with surprising results. At one time he looks down at night from his watch tower upon the sleeping town, and imagines

'Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers all around him in horizontal positions, their heads all in nightcaps and full of the foolishhest dreams.'

Again he pictures the veil of clothes magically removed: and behold, a Coronation with no rag of vesture: a Royal Drawing-room, with Ushers, Macers, Dukes, Admirals, and Bishops as God made them, a naked Duke of Windlestraw haranguing a naked House of Lords. Or again, let the Clothes theory be inexorably followed out, what is the consequence?

'It remains to be seen how far the *scarecrow* as a clothed person, is not also entitled . . . to English Trial by Jury, and all the privileges



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*'enjoyed by other suits of clothes: nay, considering his high function (for 'is not he too a defender of property?) to a certain royal immunity and 'inviolability: which however the meaner class of Persons is not always 'disposed to grant him.'*

After these general views of the true versus the apparent in Human life, we pass to a sketch-biography of the Professor. It is interesting to learn from Carlyle's life that there is much in this part which, in outward incident as well as in spiritual development, is true autobiography. The various stages of the Professor's mental, moral, and physical life are outlined; Childhood, School, Love, Travel, Doubt, Coldness, Faith, Activity: all the phases typically treated. In each he comes into collision with some Convention, Sham, Insincerity: in each he refuses to be content with the clothes: he will reverence only the reality. Every page is full of quaint thoughts, original presentments of truths, of powerful eloquence, of fire, energy, and noble indignation. The very vagueness and width of the field is no drawback; it is indeed vital to the work. We have here in small compass the young Carlyle's views of human life in its higher and deeper aspects: the troubles, the aspirations, the growth, of the human soul.

I must touch, however lightly, the three memorable chapters in this book where the question of religion arises. We must remember that it is seventy-six years since the book was written (*Sartor*, published 1831); and in those days religion in England was intellectually more encumbered with superstition and morally more inert and formal—at any rate in the Established Church—than it became later; and that in the growth of thought and the growth of fervour the influence of Carlyle has certainly counted for something.

In these three chapters the hero passes through a phase of Unbelief. The effects on an impulsive, sympathetic, imaginative, high-minded nature of this struggle are powerfully painted; the enfeeblement, the isolation, even the despair. At last, after

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long agony, there arises a thought in him one day : he asks himself :—

‘What art thou afraid of? Wherefore dost thou pip and whimper and go cowering and trembling? Let it come, whatever lies before me. ‘The Everlasting No—that is the spirit of Doubt and Negation—had said to me, Thou art fatherless, outcast; the Universe is mine, the ‘Devil’s : to which my whole ME made answer : I am not thine : I am ‘free and forever hate thee.’

The whole subject is not for discussion here ; but let me quote two eloquent passages before I pass on. One on selfishness ; one on Christianity :—

‘Why hast thou been fretting and fuming ever since thy earliest years . . . Say it in a word . . . because thou art not happy? There is in ‘man a higher than love of Happiness : he can do without *happiness* ‘and find *blessedness* . . . Was it not to preach forth this same higher that ‘sages and martyrs, the poet and the priest, in all times have spoken and ‘suffered. . . . Which same God-inspired doctrine art thou also ‘honoured to be taught? O heavens, and broken with manifold, merciful afflictions till thou become contrite and learn it? Thank thy destiny ‘for these : thou hadst need of them : the self in thee needed to be ‘annihilated. On the roaring billows of time thou art not engulfed but ‘borne aloft into the azure of eternity. Love not pleasure, love God : ‘this is the everlasting Yea.’

And, again, of Christianity, where in a few impressive words he touches a central point :—

‘Small it is that thou canst trample the earth with its injuries under ‘thy feet, as old Greek Zeno (Stoic) taught thee : thou canst love ‘the earth while it injures thee, and even because it injures thee. For ‘this a greater than Zeno was needed, and he too was sent. Knowest ‘thou that worship of sorrow? The temple thereof founded some ‘eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the ‘habitation of doleful creatures : nevertheless venture forward : in a low ‘crypt arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there, ‘and its sacred lamp perennially burning.’

And now to turn from religion to History. In history we find the same ideas ruling : the transcendent importance of

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Human energy and worth : Good identified with sincerity of motive, sincerity of insight, sincerity of act ; evil identified with sham, convention, unverity. As with the Stoics the Wise Man was everything, King, Commander, Philosopher : so with this Christian Stoic the sincere man is everything, Genius, Leader, Hero, Governour. The record of ages is the list of great men. The action of the world is divided between two camps—the heroes, energetic, faithful, genuine : and the huge army of sham believers, sham workers, sham talkers, and general humbugs. The Captain and Inspirer of this evil host is the Devil, I suppose in his original capacity as the Father of Lies.

One comment occurs at once. Amongst these Humbugs and Heroes, where is the place for the average man, well-meaning, moderate in ability, but certainly too honest for a Humbug and too obscure for a Hero ? For our present purpose it is enough to note that in the *theory* at least Carlyle is not so exclusive as he seems. Sincerity is the heroic virtue ; and, be a man what he may, in place and ability, if he be faithful, thorough, sincere, he is in that sense a hero. Thus we have heroic nations, and heroic times—that is, when earnestness and unpretending faithful energy abounds, and when work is real, and men on the whole do not aim at command when they are fit only to obey.

At any rate we can heartily concur in one inference from the heroic theory of history, and that is Carlyle's view of the Sham hero, the Unfit man in high position. If the proper framework of Polity is the few rulers who are great, and the many ruled who are little, then of all shams the worst is clearly the sham ruler. For such impostors even Carlyle's inexhaustible vocabulary of denunciation is barely sufficient. They are Arch Quacks, Gilt Mountebanks, Incarnate Solecisms, Esurient Phantasms, the sons of Bel and the Dragon, the incompetent Ghosts, the scandalous swindling Copper Captains, the Shep-

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herds that will not tend their flocks but only live to shear them.

The Universal History then is the history of Human Sincerity, that is of the true Heroes and Heroic times. There are ages of Imposture, when Impostors usurp or are complacently exalted to the Heroes' place. Such ages are better forgotten : or if dealt with, they serve but as awful warnings : History only uses them to point out the dreadful reckoning in full for all their lies and knaveries, which may linger but cannot be averted. The main work of History is to exhibit the Great workers, the Great thinkers, the Great teachers : the Elect of Man, to whose Thought and Word and Life and Action whatever good is accomplished in the world is due.

This is his general view : and it is interesting to see how his historical works bear upon it. First, in 1837, comes the *French Revolution*. Soon after, the lectures on *Heroes*. In 1843, *Past and Present* ; in 1845, *Cromwell*. Then the great work of his maturer years, *The Life of Frederick II of Prussia*. At first sight a strange selection ; but if we remember his fundamental view, the connection is distinct. In the *Heroes* he deals with the whole question. He casts his eye over the various forms in which the great men appear. We have the Hero as *Divinity*, a teacher (he says), a captain of soul and body : a Hero for whom admiration, transcending the known bounds, becomes adoration. Then the Hero as *Prophet*, whose keen eye discerns Man's universe and destiny. After him, the *Poet*, who glances into the deepest deep of Beauty, and reveals what 'we are to love.' The *Priest*, a spiritual captain ; the *Man of Letters*, a Hero by his insight and sincerity ; and, lastly, the *King*, the Hero by divine right of larger wisdom and inexhaustible energy, who acts and orders and controls.

These lectures are full of vigour and humour and eloquence ; but one feels at once, what is liable to happen with all series, that some of the subjects are more congenial than others : the

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eloquence and enthusiasm is occasionally rather made to order. Moreover, the reviews of the Heroes are sketchy, and Carlyle's power requires a larger and more detailed canvass to show itself fully. The next book (of the lesser writings) is *Past and Present*, a long account of a certain Abbot Samson, who lived in the twelfth century : a silent, thorough, original, self-reliant, efficient man after Carlyle's own heart. The moral is the contrast between the unobtrusive heroism of the past and the pretentious falsity of the present ; and there is probably as little real foundation for this wide inference as usual. But the book is very striking, and very characteristic in execution.

There remain the three great histories, *French Revolution*, *Cromwell*, and *Frederick*. One principle will really explain all three books, and the choice of subjects so different : the Heroic theory of history. Of all the Heroes we have in the lectures, the one that Carlyle really cares about is the Hero as King : the born ruler of men, who reigns by right not of birth, nor election, nor usurpation ; but by divine right of being stronger and wiser than others. How to get the right man, and still more how to prevent getting the wrong man, we are never told : though the world's past story seems full of failures. The omission may seem an elementary one ; but we get no assistance from the prophet. But it is plain that we need not look far for the key to these three histories. *Cromwell* and *Frederick* are two diverse specimens of the Veracious Ruler, and the *French Revolution* is the break up of Unveracity, that is, of incompetence and of Sham Government. Let me briefly sketch the three books from the Carlylese point of view. Of the two Veracious Rulers, Cromwell was undoubtedly the greatest. The Government of England, Carlyle would tell us, was eaten up with Falseness. A picturesque King who broke every promise : empty forms of authority in Church and State pitted against Liberty and Manhood : an old ecclesiastical tyranny matched with a vigorous new personal religion. When such mouldering

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remnants had crumbled and been trampled to destruction, English Puritanism stepped into the ruins, thrust Cromwell forward, saying, Behold your King.

‘From of old,’ says Carlyle, ‘it had lain heavy on his soul, God’s cause trodden underfoot of the unworthy. Long years he had looked on it in silence and prayer, seeing no remedy, and now behold the dawn of it : after twelve years’ silent waiting, all England bestirs herself . . . once more there is to be a Parliament, the Right will get a voice for itself. Cromwell threw down his ploughs, he hastened thither . . . spoke . . . worked . . . fought . . . strove through cannon tumult and all else . . . till the cause triumphed. He stood there as the strongest soul . . . the undisputed Hero of England. The law of the Gospel could now establish itself . . . the devoutest and wisest were to rule the land. . . . Was it not God’s truth, and if true, the very thing to do? The strongest practical intellect in England dared to answer yes! . . . This I account the culminating point of Protestantism.’

The other instance of the true King is as wide a contrast to Cromwell as we can imagine. Cromwell, the hero of a revolution : Frederick, the heir of a house which had reigned three centuries. Cromwell, like an Israelite of old, slaying and ruling in the name of the Lord ; Frederick, as the biographer confesses, without any religion to speak of. Cromwell, we shall all allow, whatever we think of his political wisdom or character, a man with much of the hero in him ; Frederick, a capable soldier, but else a savage. To Carlyle he has the one merit of Energy, Sincerity, Clear insight into fact, Efficiency—which in our author’s eyes covers the multitude of sins. He calls him the last of the True Kings, with whom Kingship expired.

Finally, the moral of the *French Revolution* is that Shams are not only evil, but infallibly lead to retribution. The eighteenth Century was an age of Conventions and Shams—an Insincere age, in Carlylese. In France it was the age of Sham Kingship, the most deadly of all Shams ; which had to be swept away at all costs. The Revolution, Carlyle calls the

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suicide of the century : the one true act the Century in France accomplished.

'Once more,' he cries, 'the voice of awakened nations starting confusedly, as out of nightmare, as out of Death-Sleep into some dim feeling that Life was real, . . . that God's word was not an expediency and a Diplomacy. An infernal shout! Yes, since they would not have it otherwise . . . Hollowness, Insincerity, *has* to cease : sincerity of some sort has to begin. Cost what it may—reigns of terror, horrors of French Revolution, or what else,—we have to return to Truth. Here is a truth . . . clad in Hell fire, since they would not but have it so.'

Such is the general bearing of his historical works on the main point of his moral and political creed. Whatever we may think of his doctrines, no student can fail to feel the impressiveness of his delivery.

'The history of Cromwell,' says the French Critic Taine, 'tho' only a series of letters and speeches strung together by a running commentary, leaves an extraordinary impression. Compared with it grave constitutional histories are tedious and feeble. Carlyle's purpose is to make us understand the soul of Cromwell, the leader, hero, and model of Puritans. His account *reads like that of an eye-witness*. We find ourselves face to face with the living man. . . . We feel at every step that our feet are planted on the truth.'

The same is true of *Frederick* : a book of enormous research, but the clearness and impressiveness of the picture is even more remarkable than the learning. No man ever hit off a face or a figure like Carlyle : vivid, humorous, indelible. And he knows the ground like a native. Hills, rivers, buildings, the very swamps and bushes are familiar : he has read all anecdotes about his personages : seen their pictures : deciphered their letters : visited their homes. He has noted all the famous men whose path crossed theirs. And all this knowledge is sifted, ordered, inspired with life, dated, verified, dressed up, and presented—a veritable picture of the epoch, and no mere record of a man.



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The same, though here of late many faults or distortions have been found in his narrative, is true of French Revolution ; and poetic power is superadded. Here perhaps alone has all his power full scope. Striking scenes : forcible characters : tragic developments : dramatic personages. In all this he is among the greatest : and a certain poetic power is needed for the full portraiture. And further, the tale is desperately complex ; so that even the French writers find difficulties for all their power of inborn lucidity in unravelling. This defies the unraveller : Carlyle, like Shakespeare, presents the complex whole *en bloc*. Shapeless it may be at times, and wild, and overloaded. But it is life. "I know not what the world will do with this book," he wrote, when it was just finished ; "but this I could tell the world : you have not had for 100 years any book that came more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man." I am aware that very much of Carlyle's doctrine and even facts is open to criticism, and that I have but slightly criticised. I have refrained from criticising further intentionally. For anything like adequate detailed criticism I cannot claim either the needful equipment, or the knowledge, or the time. But let me make one remark. The weak side of Carlyle's views is the side where he touches political questions. There are two faults visible on this side all through his life, which we may perhaps trace to the same origin : a want of *practical knowledge* and a want of *patience*. Carlyle was essentially a student ; he lived with books, and not with men ; in the practical work of the world he had next to no experience, and this want of experience made him both ignorant (on this side) and impatient. He did not know how hard it was in this world to get any requisite reform pushed through ; he did not realise how far better it is for most men to take in hand their own evils and mend them themselves (even badly and slowly), rather than have them mended without their consent (even quickly and well) by somebody else.



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He was impatient, and wanted the mischief cured by a powerful hand from outside. It is thus we find him admiring mere strength as such; and it is thus he is so often, in political questions, on the side which is ultimately acknowledged to be the wrong one. Cromwell was thorough, and he admired him without qualification. Of the precariousness of Cromwell's organisation, of the reaction which Cromwell's tyranny necessarily led to, he did not think enough. Frederick was thorough; but so is a savage and a freebooter, and he admired that savage and freebooter with far too little reserve. So, too, in the slave question: in the Jamaica question: in the American Civil War: he is against the oppressed, and in favour of the strong individual. In all this there is much to regret, but little to mislead: for there are few that follow him in these matters. In my youth I lived at college among friends far abler and more instructed and thoughtful than myself, nearly all of whom were ardent enthusiasts for Carlyle. Yet it is hardly a paradox to say that even those who felt his influence deepest, and owe him most, at no time accepted his social and political theories. At no time did they believe in his simple political recipe, to give uncontrolled power to the wise man, which led straight to slavery, tyranny, and corruption, and found a pathetic *reductio ad absurdum* in his admiration for such men as Frederick the Great. The fact was, as some perhaps saw even then, and all can see now, that Carlyle's political ethics were not remotely connected with his own helpless incompetence in practical affairs. On the strength of his having sat on the London Library Committee, Mr. Froude says, "No man living had a more practical business talent, when he had an object in view, for which such a faculty was required." I venture to think that no man living could make a greater mistake. He had every disqualification for it. He was thin-skinned, he was hasty and violent in word, he was impatient of others' slowness or inefficiency, and even of con-

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tradition ; and he never had in public affairs or private the smallest experience. And just as at home he expected his wife to do everything for him, never even inquired into what was difficult or impossible, gave her insufficient thanks and even inadequate money ; so in public matters his blank inexperience of men, and the violent impatience which resulted from it, landed him directly in that precious theory of meeting all the world's difficulties by first finding the swiftly effective able man, and then giving him absolute power. He failed to see that this puerile nostrum was not only impossible, but if possible, would have instantly arrested that very growth of individual human worth and slowly striving human effort which was the main inspiration of his writings.

On his literary powers and limitations, and his character from this side, the great biography of Froude throws much light.

In the peculiar power of rapidly seizing and presenting with a few vivid and humorous touches, the outside at least of those men whom he came across, it may be doubted if any man ever approached Carlyle. These notices are scattered all up and down the Biography : many are unforgettable, all are striking, and they are obviously genuine, spontaneous, and produced without a trace of effort. We have Grote, 'a strait upper lip, large chin, and open mouth (spout mouth) ; for the rest a tall man, with dull, thoughtful brow and lank dishevelled hair, *greatly the look of a prosperous dissenting minister.*' Hallam is 'a broad, positive old man with laughing eyes.' Webster, 'a grim, tall yellow-skinned man, with brows like precipitous cliffs, and huge black, dull, *wearied yet unweariable looking eyes* ; amorphous projecting nose, and the angriest shut mouth I have ever seen . . . has a husky sort of fun in him ; drawls in a handfast didactic manner about our republican institutions.' Wilson (Christopher North), 'a tall, ruddy figure with bright blue eyes . . . the broad-shouldered stately bulk of

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the man struck me ; his flashing eye, copious dishevelled head of hair, and rapid unconcerned progress, *like that of a plough through stubble.* Professor Owen, 'a man of huge coarse head with projecting brow and chin, *like a cheese in the last quarter,* with a pair of large, protrusive glittering eyes.' Lady Holland is 'a brown-skinned, silent, sad, concentrated, proud old dame. . . . Her face has something of the falcon character, *and you see much of the white of her eye.*' Dickens is 'a fine little fellow. . . . Clear, blue intelligent eyes, eye-brows that he arches amazingly . . . a face of most extreme mobility, *which he shuttles about*—eye-brows, eyes, mouth, and all—in a very singular manner while speaking . . . a loose coil of common-coloured hair.'

And, perhaps, best and most memorable of all, the Duke of Wellington, aged eighty-two—just two years before his death—'truly a beautiful old man : I had never seen till now how beautiful, and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness there is about the old hero . . . eyes beautiful light blue, full of mild valour, with infinitely more faculty and geniality than I had fancied before : the face wholly gentle, wise, valiant, and venerable.'

Unfortunately, for the discerning of spirits, something more is required than the most observant eye and the juiciest and most copious vocabulary ; and that Something Carlyle had not, a sympathetic imagination. Or rather, perhaps, his imaginative sympathy was powerful but not versatile : and it was more active for the dead than for the living, a trait which is perhaps not uncommon in the recluse, especially the hard-working recluse. His gloomy and reserved nature, his isolation, his self-confidence, his prophetic and denunciatory turn of mind, his very power of vision, and rapidity and decisiveness of mind—all his faculties, good and bad, combined (when he did fail in judgment) to make his failure signal. The writer who could call Coleridge 'a weltering ineffectual man' ;

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Shelley 'a ghastly object, colourless, pallid, without health or warmth or vigour'; Wordsworth, 'a small diluted man'; could class George Eliot and George Sand with 'the babbling company of celebrated scribbling women'; could say hard words of Charles Lamb, and live in the house with Thackeray and Clough without a word of appreciation—such a man must remain a monumental instance of the fatal limitations which want of sympathy sets upon genius. And the lesson is not forgotten because we laugh over the vivid picture of Wordsworth giving 'a handful of numb unresponsive fingers,' or Coleridge at Highgate humming out the explanation of the universe with endless talk of 'Om-m-ject and Sum-m-ject.'

From a literary point of view—to which we revert, and with which we are chiefly concerned—Carlyle is one of the great figures of the last century. His style is unique: it defies and repels the imitator, sometimes even the reader: it is neither begotten of anything before nor the parent of anything to follow. For picturesque history writing, in this unique style, he had the most extraordinary combination of gifts. He had a natural power of vision, both of scenes and of men, which has never been before combined with such ease, force, humour, and felicity of comparison, in putting the visions into words. Sometimes the *poet* seems first in his composition, with his unfailing eye and originality and justness of image. Sometimes the *humorist* seems first, with his rich luxuriance and vividness of vocabulary, his surprises of laughable simile, his playful familiarity, his no less playful solemnity. Sometimes the *rhetorician* prevails with his thunderous or torrential eloquence—and not unfrequently with his intentional or unintentional exaggeration. But it is not too much to say that there is hardly another English writer with whom every page shows such unfailing power: hardly a narrator so free from obscurities or tamenesses: hardly a moralist so devoid of solemnity, convention, or platitude: hardly a humorist so individual, so copious, and so

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fresh. In spite of paradox and incomplete or distorted views of history, or politics, or men, in spite of grotesquery and mannerism, in spite of want of sympathy with his age, his works must remain in our literature. He belongs to that section of authors whose writings have a strong taste, and a taste to be found there only. Those who dislike it will perhaps be many : and they will have none of him. Those who like it may be few : but they will not be the worst judges, and they will like it much : and in his pages, as Dryden said of Chaucer, they will find God's plenty.

## THE EFFECT OF THE NEW REGULATIONS ON SECONDARY SCHOOLS.

By Canon G. C. BELL.

THE regulations of the Board were recast in 1904. Up to that time it had not shaken itself free from the evil traditions of the old Science and Art Department, which for many years had given a lopsided encouragement to science teaching. This so narrowed the curriculum as actually to defeat its own aim. Language is a necessary instrument of thought, and pupils' minds were starved through an inadequate supply of materials for forming and expressing thought. Some of us may remember an eloquent protest by the Master of Trinity against methods of "specialisation" which had produced deplorable meagreness in the intellectual development of pupils from secondary schools. He gave striking illustrations from the papers of candidates for open scholarships.

Since 1904 the Board has been able to adopt a more liberal and more really scientific policy, and its regulations have systematically and continuously tended to foster such courses of teaching as should "develop all the faculties in due proportion, and form the habit of exercising them." The first step was to establish a four years' course of instruction, covering the period from twelve or thirteen to sixteen or seventeen, and correlated with the earlier and later stages of the school course in a curriculum subject to the approval of the Board. Stress was laid on the importance or necessity of systematic instruction in the mother-tongue. The four years' course was regarded as the essential core of education, the indispensable minimum on which special emphasis was

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laid. It has not been absolutely superseded, but it is now merged in a curriculum of greater variety and flexibility, and scholars from twelve to eighteen will now be eligible for grants.

Under former regulations the system of grants, increasing in the four several years of the course, was a temptation to press scholars forward into a higher class, or to detain them unduly in the highest grant-earning class. This temptation is removed by assigning for each year between twelve and eighteen a uniform grant of £5, considerably more than the average of former payments. Thus scholars may be classified and promoted simply on their merits.

The stringent conditions and formal rules hitherto enforced had largely contributed to an advance in the conception of secondary education, and in the organization of secondary schools. As they have now achieved the object for which they were designed, the Board has ceased to require that a definite minimum of time should be assigned to each of the obligatory subjects of the course. Schools are now free to submit through the Board's inspectors curricula suited to their circumstances, on condition that the essential subjects are duly provided for, and that the time apportioned to each of these and other elements of the curriculum is neither inadequate nor excessive. These new conditions are enforced by means of detailed inspections, informal visits, conferences, and reports.

A recent conference of the head mistresses of the Girls' Public Day School Trust with leading officials of the Board encouraged the hope of some relief from difficulties which have weighed more or less heavily on the teaching staffs of secondary schools, such as (1) the number and complexity of returns demanded at short notice and at busy seasons, (2) the inclination of inspectors, especially those who have least experience, to press their personal views respecting questions on which the Board have wisely given to teachers a large discretion.



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The level of secondary education will be further raised by the proposed publication of a list of schools certified as efficient after a gratuitous inspection of their staff, course of instruction, and equipment. The effect of this publication upon the more imperfect types of secondary schools will be watched with interest.

Thus far there is much reason for thankful recognition that the policy of the Board in recent years has done much to raise the whole level of secondary education, to set before secondary schools improved standards, aims, and methods, and to co-ordinate them with the other elementary branches of national education.

But this general approval of their action is subject to qualification on some points of grave importance. A very large number of schools connected with religious denominations, and governed under trust deeds or schemes which provide for particular forms of religious teaching, will be disqualified for receiving grants unless they consent to abolish religious tests in their teaching staff and their governing body, and refrain from including in their religious lessons any distinctive catechism or formulary. To those which will not, or cannot, accept such conditions the Board offers nothing—either no grant, or a much smaller grant; and also gratuitous inspection as a way of admission to their published list of efficient schools. Perhaps it is grimly conscious that such treatment will close this way to many schools which will succumb in the unequal competition against those that receive the higher grants.

Professor Sadler (*Church Quarterly*, October, 1907) has truly said that "this new policy of the Board is in sudden and conspicuous contrast to the well-established conditions of previous administration. It contravenes the sound principle of even-handed justice in the administration of public grants as a recognition of attested efficiency." It imports for the first time into secon-



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dary education the religious controversy that has long raged in elementary schools, and "there is no valid reason for thinking that English secondary education will be improved by universal subjection to the control of local authorities." The presumption is in favour of variety of administration and diversity of type. The right solution is to recognize all types of efficient schools as eligible for grants, and to treat with fairness the religious convictions of all sections of the community. Educational efficiency and unity of purpose will not be secured by arbitrary enforcement of undenominational teaching under popular control, but by religious liberty, and freedom for the teacher to teach what he believes.

It would be well if our educational politicians would study the example of Holland, where a programme of undenominational education was adopted on the assumption that it was a necessary part of a liberal policy. After a struggle of many years the difficulties that this policy had encountered were settled in the only possible way, by a frank recognition of religious differences. Still more striking is the case of Switzerland, a country at once independent, democratic, and religious. The problems arising from cantonal independence and religious differences are most complex, and in 1882, after a large liberal majority had been returned to the Federal Bund, an attempt was made to enforce a uniform system of undenominationalism. But when, in accordance with the Constitution, the question was put to the people by a referendum, the obnoxious proposals of their representatives were rejected by the largest poll ever recorded on such an appeal. All the education is now denominational, and all efficient schools are equally supported. Widely as their methods differ, there is everywhere evidence of the desire that each child should be well trained in the doctrines and practices of the religious communion to which its parents belong. Each religious body is keenly interested in its schools, and fired with the ambition of making them the best ; and

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proposals tending to crush out this local interest and variety have been steadily resisted by those who are most for education and religion. (Sir R. L. Morant's Special Reports, Vol. III.)

Again much discussion and dismay has been caused by Regulation 20, which enacts that "a proportion of school-places shall be open without fee to scholars from public elementary schools, subject to an entrance test of attainments and proficiency; and that this proportion will ordinarily be 25 per cent of the scholars admitted." In many secondary schools the enforcement of such a condition would be simply disastrous. The infusion of such a large quota from a lower grade of education would seriously and permanently lower the standard attainable; and further, social objections, which in England, whether rightly or wrongly, have great weight, would drive pupils away from many grant-aided schools. Already in many districts private schools are looking forward hopefully to the advantages they would reap if this regulation were strictly carried into effect.

Happily it is so worded as to reserve a large discretion for the Board, which seems likely to avail itself of such a way of meeting the facts and arguments that have been brought against this proposal. It is said by those who know that in London barely 10 per cent are intellectually fit to enter secondary schools; also that the conditions of life in the homes from which many of the children would come, and the present indifference of English parents to the moral training of their children, create further difficulties even in the case of children who are intellectually qualified for transference to a secondary school.

However, if this regulation is discreetly interpreted, and the entrance test is enforced with full regard for the special circumstances of individual schools, the admission of a reasonable number of pupils from elementary schools is to be welcomed on many grounds; in particular, it should materially

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help to fill up the large deficiency of well-qualified teachers for elementary schools.

And I should like to add that in the boys' and girls' schools of Christ's Hospital the admission of a large proportion of elementary school children, though much criticized when it was proposed, has been abundantly justified. The great advantages offered have attracted well-trained children of high average ability, who have formed a valuable element in these great schools, and in many cases have achieved distinction.

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## SMOKE, COAL, AND GAS.

By JOHN W. GRAHAM, M.A.

**I**T is impossible to believe as one travels, say from Liverpool to Manchester by the Lancashire and Yorkshire route, that the country is one that without great change should be permanently inhabited ; at any rate, it is clearly unfit for human habitation at present. The furnaces at Ince pour out their gloomy clouds of choking and sulphurous smoke, and their proud wreaths, covering the face of the sky, despising and scorning humanity, are answered with echoing insolence by the half-dozen stacks of the Wigan Coal and Iron Co., with one huge giant among them all, proudly telling Englishmen that their atmosphere is not their own, that the great dragon of industrial achievement has its needs, and cares not how many homes it defiles. Between these great smoke kings stretches the long length of the murky town of Wigan ; a rich old church tower rising strangely among the dreadful streets like a lost wandering standard-bearer of our higher needs.

And so the train rushes on its roaring course by the factories of Atherton and Swinton and right into Victoria Station, the heart of Manchester, typical centre of our city ; practically so well adapted to its complicated purposes, but so regardless of symmetry or beauty ; a place where people make the best they can of a bewildering life ; Victoria Station, where crowd the victims of our smoke-laden atmosphere, all in a hurry to get back to Ince and Wigan, with pale faces and apparently little peace in their hearts. This is not a right human life ; its needs have been forgotten in the rapid development of mining and cotton spinning.

All this represents a state of transition ; it will be the work

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of the twentieth century to adjust the needs of the works to the needs of the workers ; we have yet to learn how to live in the midst of the heaped-up resources which the labour of the nineteenth century has accumulated by the sweat of its brow. We have achieved marvels in production—we have still to learn the secret of the wise distribution and consumption of wealth. We have been so engrossed in making money that we have not yet learnt how to spend it. For men cannot live always in our industrial cities as they are.

For untold generations gone by we have lived open to the sun ; our grandparents drove their cows and made their hay in the open countryside ; to them the weather meant something beyond an overcoat or no overcoat, an umbrella or no umbrella ; it had a glorious variety of changeful beauty and waywardness about it. There is weather in the country worth talking about. Now a race is the creation of a long environment ; our race has been built to walk on grass, to bathe in the sunshine, to know the meaning of silence. And if we miss these things we cannot but waste and degenerate, as animals do in a cage. In time, of course, we shall build up a new race, if we go on long enough, all brains and no body, and the restaurants will provide not only the food but the power to digest it, by turning a handle.

It is useless for men to try to live like rats in holes without the sun. Among the earliest religions of man was the worship of the sun, and I would that we were at least sun worshippers still, whatever else we add to it ; it was a right instinct in primitive man to find in the source of heat and light and energy the most wonderful thing he knew, and to worship it. For the sun is the natural lord of physical life. We have learnt much in religion since then, but we must not forget the earliest lessons in learning the later ones.

And if a smoky air is not fitted to the body of man, neither is it fitted to his spirit. In the murky monochrome of the

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manufacturing landscape, in the baffled breathing of our foggy days, how can bright cheerfulness and ready politeness and abounding good spirits prevail? Grace and gentleness are taken away from our people; we choke and cough, and live under a constant irritant to our tempers. The quiet calm of country contentment is not ours; we become nervous and depressed; and some of us drink in consequence, and go from the grimy little house and the tired wife to the brightly-lit bar-room at the corner. You cannot make a sort of mess for people to live in without risking making a mess of their life. A sunshiny temper shines best in sunshine; and as habitual temper passes into temperament, so we are building up weak and fretful folk with pallid faces and bloodless constitutions. Compare a modern English child, playing in a modern English gutter in the murky afternoon, with the child that its grandfather was on the village green, among the grass and the butterflies. The race is being depressed by the air it breathes. The sun streams in at the door and windows of the country school, and its light falls on brown skins and bright eyes; but the crowded schoolrooms of many of our town schools are not fit to breathe in, much less to teach and keep order in. The smell of the dirty suits of clothes is sickening, and the children are undersized and spotty; too many have swollen faces or weak spines. But they are the imperial English; they are the men of the future, the successors of Robin Hood and Cœur de Lion. Their mothers, poor things, are "moldered to death." They can't be always washing the children. Their self-respect demands that doorstep and window-sill and floor shall be wearily cleaned and cleaned again, that the window and the fire-grate shall shine. What a tax of toil those smuts impose on the over-worked woman of the wage-earning class. That alone would be enough to justify a complete change to smokeless firing; but the poor stand a great deal, and hardly know how to help it. We are a patient race.

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Smoke directly encourages lung disease. And well it may, for the lungs of those who have lived in a smoky city are found after death to be coal black, full of minute particles of carbon, totally out of place in the delicate texture of the structure of the lungs, which were made to breathe pure air only. It also favours the growth of consumption, by the fact that to keep out the smuts people keep their windows shut and carefully preserve all their germs. If the physiologist wants to grow bacteria, he puts them under black paper and keeps them out of the light, which would kill them. The sun is the greatest and the cheapest disinfectant on the earth. Sir Thomas Barlow says that "Recent investigations have shown that the value of direct sunlight is absolutely untold." Yet London, not nearly the smokiest place in England, receives on the average during an eight hours' day in winter only one hour of pale sunshine, being half as much as the South of England generally receives. On an ordinary day in a great town we generally see the sun before breakfast, if we are up, and for a conquering hour or two after midday. Experiments with burning glasses showed that at Bunhill Row, E.C., in December, 83 per cent of the sun's heating power, when it did shine, was lost on its way through the atmosphere.

Unfortunately our climate causes the smoke to be not only an evil in itself, but a further evil indirectly through the fog which it causes and flavours. Great cities which stand in river valleys, and which by their many fires intensify variations in temperature, will never be free from fog. At all times air laden with unseen water-vapour gives out when it is cooled a portion of that vapour in the form of rain, or fog, or dew. This cooling is perpetually occurring; the very change from day to night produces it; the mixture of currents of air, some warmer and damper than others, cools part of the joint current and compels it to give off its unseen burden of water-vapour. The radiation of heat into space from the atmosphere is always

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going on, and will always produce in this climate some foggy days, but it will be fog clean, white, harmless, and likely to easily vanish under the rays of the sun. The Hon. Rollo Russell has shown that smoke causes the evil of fogs in three different ways :—

‘Firstly, solid particles of soot radiate heat much more than other kinds of dust ; this property of carbon makes the air colder and extends the precipitation of fog.

‘Secondly, the particles of soot block the way of the sunlight ; the streets are buried under a black canopy of sooty particles ; this works both ways, both in preventing the drying-up action of sunlight, and at other times in preventing radiation of heat from the earth and keeping frost at bay, leaving us with a muggy day in towns while the country is enjoying frosty sunlight.

‘And, thirdly, and I think worst of all, the tarry substances in smoke cover every globule of foggy moisture with a thin, oily sheath, which prevents its evaporation.’

The London Meteorological Council, aided by the London County Council, made an elaborate study of the causes of London fog five years ago ; they report that one fog in five is directly caused by smoke, and all the fogs are befouled, prolonged and changed into the yellow, choking, sulphurous product we know so well. An elaborate calculation, also made by the Hon. Rollo Russell, leads to the belief that in a great town the actual cost of losses by smoke and fog is about £1 per head per annum. This is an easy figure to remember, and it will enable us to estimate how much our several cities pay every year for depriving themselves of sunlight. In addition to this economic loss, famous fogs are recorded to have been accompanied by a sudden crop of deaths. Fog kills asthmatic and bronchial patients and weakly invalids like a poison. In London, in 1880, a three weeks’ fog produced an extra 3000 deaths, and in 1892 a single week of fog caused 1484 additional deaths there.



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Of all the causes which most insidiously and most universally separate human life now from the environment to which it is properly adapted, the reckless use of raw coal is the chief. We have had a kind of intoxication over the use of coal, as moths devour the unexpected sugar; and the result is smoke and fog, depressed vitality, universal ugliness, a smudge over all things, and the sense of living in a dirty world.

Coal is a product given us by one of the lucky chances of nature; the pressed forests of plants of which it consists grew irrespective of our needs; it was not stored in the depths of the earth as an ideal fuel fitted for our use, any more than ironstone is useful iron, or gold-bearing shale gold. Coal also needs, as these do, scientific preparation to fit it for use. Civilised man turns it into gas, coke, sulphate of ammonia, and the miscellaneous product called tar, and finds special uses for each of these. Together they sell for three times the original value of the coal. Treated in its crude state and burnt as it is found, much of its usefulness is worse than wasted; it is as though we ate a sheep raw as we killed it on the hillside, as our forefathers did. To burn crude coal has not even that natural beauty and fitness which we associate with the simple life in harmony with nature; if we were in harmony with our primitive nature we should burn wood and peat, and we all know how pleasant it is to do so; but to dig coal out of the depths of the earth is an entirely unexpected aggression of man and machinery upon nature, not arranged for in the original scheme of things. A black-faced collier, with his grimy garb of indistinguishable colour, his staring blue eyes, dust-rimmed, fresh from the pit, would make an extraordinary intruder, say, into the Garden of Eden, or among the nymphs of the Hesperides. Shepherds and shepherdesses are notoriously poetic and according to nature, but no such poem as the Song of Solomon was ever written about colliers. Having then broken with the simple life, and driven men to work in underground darkness,

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hewing out coal in a gloom wherein lurk real dangers, having hauled it up to the surface, having laboriously loaded it into railway waggons, carried it at great cost over the country, distributed it in coal-yards, and thence into carts, finally into coal-holes, and by a girl's weak arms brought in coal-scuttles to the fireside and sent in volumes of smoke up the chimney; and having at every stage left behind it dirt, ugliness, the smoke of the colliery, the smoke of the railway train, and the smoke of the fireside, and set a good proportion of the women of England to wash the things clean that are dirtied on the way,—we have indeed broken with nature. But we have only travelled half-way towards civilisation. We are in an intermediate age of waste and mess; we cannot go backward, for we have no forests to burn; we must treat our coal in a more civilised manner if we are to cease to reap all the evil and little of the good of that double-edged thing civilisation. It is our task to become so much more civilised than we are that we shall still retain our sunshine, be able to keep our homes clean, and cease to waste our national capital. This we can do by turning coal into gas and the by-products of gas manufacture.

The cures for smoke are numerous, and rightly so. There is no panacea. The cases vary as in other forms of disease. But the most thorough cure for manufacturing smoke is the use of gas engines. When you can obtain one horse power for one-tenth of a penny per hour for fuel, this cannot but commend itself to those who wish to put down new plant. It stands to reason that a gas engine will consume less coal per H.P. than a steam engine, for it is a most roundabout process—losing power at every point—to carry coal about, produce heat by burning it, with that heat turn water into steam, and use the pressure of compressed steam to turn the wheels round. In a gas engine you use directly energy produced by exploding gas in the cylinder.

The public has not yet realised how near we are, either to the end of our supplies of coal, or to such a condition

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of high price as we should now call a severe coal famine. The Report of the Royal Commission on Coal Supplies, finally issued at the end of 1905, is in three large volumes, not sensational in appearance and get-up, but in their weighty contents more truly sensational than the loudest screams of the melodramatic poster. We will begin with a statement made by the Commission :—

“Gas engines are now established as the most economical of heat motors, and it is said that if the average steam engine and boiler installation of to-day, with its *average* consumption of 5 lbs. of coal per H.P. per hour, were entirely replaced by gas producers and gas engines, the 52,000,000 tons of coal, which it is estimated by Mr. Beilby are consumed for power purposes at mines and factories, would be reduced to 11,000,000 tons. The possibility of this enormous economy seems to be established by the result of many trials, by which it is proved that power can be generated by gas engines in almost any locality and on almost any scale with the consumption of 1 lb. of average slack per indicated H.P. per hour. The general adoption of gas engines and the use of producer gas could not, therefore, fail to have an important effect upon our coal consumption.”

The importance of this economy of 42 million tons of coal, by the single adoption of gas as a heat motor, becomes of the highest significance when we read in the Report of the Commission that our total annual output of coal, including exports, is 230 million tons, that it is increasing at the rate of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent per annum ; the export portion of it meantime increasing at  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent per annum ; that the calculated available resources in the proved coal-fields are in round numbers 100,000 million tons, exclusive of the 40,000 million tons in the unproved coal-fields, which the Commissioners think it best to regard as only probable and therefore speculative. This counts in coal at less than 4000 feet down and over 1 foot thick. The Commissioners add :—

“Vast as our available sources are, it must be borne in mind that a large percentage of them are of inferior quality, or are contained in deeper and thinner seams, which cannot be worked at the same cost.”

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How long then is this supply likely to last?

The first question affecting it is clearly that of population. Mr. Price Williams in elaborate figures printed in the Commission's Report, concludes that in two centuries from 1901 the population of Great Britain will be 135 millions, which means that the whole country will have a population about as dense as that of Lancashire to-day. It is assumed in obtaining these figures that the decrement in the rate of increase since 1870 will continue, and that there will be no artificial restriction of births in excess of what there has been since that date. Assuming, then, that the corresponding decrement observable in the rate of increase in coal consumption during the past thirty years continues, the coal in the proved coal-fields would be exhausted in 209 years from the present time; the unproved coal-fields—if they answer every speculation—may give anything up to another eighty years' supply. All these figures are independent of the effect of price; this must therefore not be taken as a statement of what actually will occur; long before the period of exhaustion comes the price will have been raised to such a height as it can bear, the coal owners always knowing that the less coal they sell immediately the more will they have to sell hereafter at perhaps a still higher price. Moreover, this leaves out of account the physical causes which will affect the getting of coal. Some collieries will give out, and others be opened where the seams are thinner, and at greater depth, and the quality poorer; all of which means greater cost. The Royal Commission think that for some time the output will continue to increase at a diminishing rate, will then remain stationary for some time, and then gradually decrease. With a growing population this means high price. It will be observed that everything depends upon the rate of increase of the output, for if we were to assume that the output will increase at its present rate, the whole of the proved coal-fields would be exhausted in half the time I have mentioned—in a

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little over a century—and the demand by that time would have become so vast that the unproved coal-fields would be exhausted in about fourteen years more. The enormous depletion by use and by waste of our coal resources, which has already taken place, is only a matter of a little over a century in our long history. When Watt invented the steam engine in 1781, only five million tons of coal were used in a year, an amount which would now only keep us going for a single week in winter. Nothing but the severest economy can save the situation. For this economy there is ample room, for at present by losses—avoidable and unavoidable—we send to waste, on the whole, the heat of 19 cwt. of every ton of coal we burn in turning it into other forms of energy. This is an estimate made by Mr. A. J. Martin; I gather that it does not pretend to be accurately verifiable, but believed to be true enough for its purpose.

In view then of all these uncertain data, prophecy as to the date of the actual exhaustion of our coal would be unsafe, but I believe we may say with confidence that before the present century is over we shall be face to face with such a condition of price as we should now call a severe coal famine, a price which can only be restrained by the price at which coal can be imported from abroad. This fact alone will reduce us as coal users to the position of a country which has no coal resources of its own. And the ocean freight is not likely to be less than five or six shillings per ton. By that time no country may be willing to part with its coal at all. The fate of England will be before the eyes of the nations. No tie of empire would lead Canadians to sell their country's bread to us. German and Belgium coal-fields will still be worked; but can we expect that they will export even their inferior product?

The pathetic magnitude of this famine, of this national catastrophe, is not realisable by the imagination, particularly

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if the whole country be covered as thickly as Lancashire is with teeming millions. Our factories cannot so survive. Manufacturers will go to the coal much more frequently than the coal to the manufacturers. When our coal has gone the manufacturing and mercantile part of the greatness of England, and all that depends upon it, will have gone too. London will live by running hotels in which Americans can spend their holidays, and as a centre of culture and fashion; in Staffordshire sheep will wander over the curious mounds that once were Wolverhampton; Manchester and Birmingham will be visited chiefly for their art galleries and libraries, their impoverished universities, and interesting old town halls, doubtless cleaned at last. The people—or those who survive—will have emigrated, and be working in cotton mills on the St. Lawrence or the Zambesi, unless they are supplanted there by the supple dark races of China, Japan, Burma, and Hindustan. Naval supremacy will have passed to the nation which retains coal for its fleet. The coal of the Continent will, at present rates and under present prospects, last a long generation after ours, unless we radically change our wasteful habits.

It is impossible in this connection to shirk the delicate question of the export duty on coal put on in 1901 and taken off in 1906. I am a Free Trader to the finger tips; with me, Free Trade has an almost religious sanction; any interference with it is bound to cost some immediate loss to the world somewhere. I believe it to be of universal application to ordinary commodities. But we all of us cease to practise complete *laissez faire* when we come to the human commodity of labour; by numerous enactments we restrict the exploitation of human beings for the sake of profit. Is there no other region in which Free Trade is to be overruled by weightier considerations? We will not sacrifice the health and lives of workmen and workwomen, and working children, to the production of wealth; is there anything else that we cannot

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sacrifice either? Well, we would not allow a French syndicate to buy the Isle of Wight and transfer it—suppose it could be transferred—to the soil of France; we would not diminish, that is, our land, our national territory, and sell it to the foreigner for a price. Now coal is a national asset, limited in quantity, visibly nearing—as we count time in history—visibly nearing its end. It is really part of our land that we are selling to the foreigner; in the economic sense of the word land, which covers all the natural gifts of land, water and minerals. Now it is believed by experts that it is the foreign demand for coal, with its great capacity for variation, which causes the enormous fluctuations which occur in the price. Gas coal is half as dear again as it was two years ago. The great rise began as soon as the coal duty was taken off.

Sir George Livesey explained at the February meeting of the South Metropolitan Gas Co. this year, that prior to 1872 the price of gas coal free on board at the Tyne was nearly uniform and never rose above 6s. per ton. In that year there was a coal panic and it went up to 20s., and fell in a few years to its old price. The next panic was in 1890 when the price went up to 11s., and the next in 1900 when it rose to 16s. It has never since regained its old normal level, and we are now in the midst of another boom. Thus the booms are coming at shorter intervals—1872, 1890, 1900, 1907—and the power of restoring the normal price is weakening. Coal is dear in England because trade is booming here and on the Continent. At present, coal being an article which we must have, a very slightly increased demand produces upon a highly organised and united industry an enormously enhanced price before high price brings the demand down again. Where we must have something like coal or bread we will pay almost anything rather than do without it; and coal, as has been remarked, is the bread of our factories. One of the thousand effects of dearer coal is dearer gas, and dearer gas means its diminished use, and



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more smoke ; thus indirectly—but none the less really—we are selling both our land and our atmosphere abroad. I am aware that to put a tax on coal exported will cost us something immediately ; a lucrative colliery trade will be made less lucrative and will shrink in extent ; ships from England will not find it possible to get profitable ballast to fill their holds ; and so a tax will interfere not only with the export, but with the import trade, and freights may rise somewhat. And of course we are paid for our coal in imports of other articles. We should be for the present poorer all round. But in face of the fact that every year these profits are being made at the expense of the loss of our ultimate property in coal, upon which our national welfare most vitally depends, I am in favour of an export tax on coal, beginning with the shilling per ton formerly put on and gradually increasing so as to seriously check the export. This would be done gradually, so as to ease the change to the colliery trade.

The Royal Commission expressed itself mildly as follows :—

“In view of the extent of the estimated coal resources of the country, and the anticipation that the present rate of increase in the output will soon be checked by natural causes, there seems no present necessity to restrict artificially the export of coal in order to conserve it for our home supply.”

The fact that coal under 6s. per ton was exempt from tax led to a large export of dirty cheap coal below that price ; and the more costly Welsh coal was not much affected by the small tax of 1s. per ton. The Commission state that they have no doubt that the tax did limit export, though the figures do not conclusively show that it did.

I am aware that this proposal is disputable and will be disputed—it cripples a great and important industry ; but nothing but good can arise from its free discussion. On ordinary economic lines, considering only the present, export duties are indefensible, for they discourage trade by killing the market.



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But I am willing to sacrifice the national profit immediately arising from the export of coal, in order that we may be able to save the greater national loss which will ultimately follow from having to import coal from Germany or elsewhere when our own is done. That the tax would be paid by the foreigner, which is only partially true, and that his loss of coal would hamper him as our rival in trade, are reasons which do not appeal to me. I belong to a common humanity, and repudiate altogether such an exclusive form of grudging patriotism. But excessive dearth in coal strikes at the root of our whole livelihood. I believe that one chief cause of the railway strike which we lately feared, was the dearth of coal. That is what makes the directors feel that they cannot afford to yield. Their capital is shrunk, their dividends falling, and they and their employees are driven to fight for a living which would be enough for both if coal were cheap.

We have spoken of gas as a means of making power by gas engines. But that is only one of its possible and profitable spheres. With regard to ironworks: All round the Glasgow district one sees the numerous small iron chimneys in the ironworks, which denote that producer gas is being used for heating. This is purely because it pays; for the Motherwell and Wishaw district is reckless in its making of smoke when it suits the manufacturers to do so. There seems to be no public guardian of the public rights. The population is recruited from the Highlands; and whilst the mountain air is to-day sniffed by stags and grouse, the Scottish nation crowds more and more into the flats of Glasgow and the desolate district to the south of it. This matter was fully treated in Mr. Fletcher's famous Report of 1895, still to be had from Mr. Fred Scott, 6 Booth Street, Manchester.

"There are also cases where a high degree of heat is required, and where a reducing atmosphere must be maintained in the furnace. This is the case in puddling furnaces, and in the reheating furnaces of iron

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rolling mills. In these it has been thought impossible to avoid the emission of smoke, since, unless an excess of carbonaceous matter is present in the air of the furnace, much iron is burnt away. It is found, however, that the flame of a gas furnace fulfils the necessary condition. This is largely composed of carbon monoxide, which, while keeping up a reducing action in the furnace, burns without smoke. Almost the last work of their engineer, Mr. Parnell, before his death, was a visit to the iron and steel works in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, August 1890, where he reports that he saw, at the Pather Company's Works at Wishaw, a gas-fired puddling furnace on the Siemens and Head principle, of which he was informed by the management that the results were in every way satisfactory; and the economies—compared with coal-fired furnaces—were as follows: Work done, 30 per cent increase; loss of metal, 50 per cent less; fuel used, 64 per cent less; coal used per ton of iron made, including lighting up, 6 cwts. 0 qrs. 22 lbs., against 23 cwts. 3 qrs. 9 lbs.; fettling, 40 per cent less; repairs, 60 per cent less. The coal-fired furnaces were constantly pouring out dense columns of black smoke, whereas, with the new furnace, during a visit of five hours, hardly a trace of smoke was discernible. At the Wishaw works of the Glasgow Iron and Steel Company was found a large heating furnace of steel ingots, with a bed measuring 30 ft. by 8 ft. internal, and seven doors. The furnace was heating 80 tons of blooms, 5 in. to 8 in. square, per shift, with 70 cwt. of fuel. Compared with grate furnaces, this showed a saving in fuel of 75 per cent. The furnace had a separate chimney, and showed no sign of smoke during a visit of about two hours. Arrangements were being made to fire some of the steam boilers by the gases from the producers. On this system a portion of the waste gases is returned to the gas-producer, and cannot be used for steam boilers, so that the economies claimed have to be discounted in respect of this circumstance. Messrs. Nettlefolds, of Birmingham, replied to our inquiries as to their use of the Siemens gas puddling furnaces (old form): 'We have never used any other kind, and therefore cannot give you any particulars as to the cost of changing from one system to the other. The gas is under complete control, and the smoke can be avoided entirely, except in cases of delay or mishap making it necessary to keep the balls in the furnace, when, of course, a smothering flame is used to avoid waste. A great deal, however, depends on the puddlers, and they can make a good deal of smoke if they like. We always make less smoke than our neighbours, and we always considered that these (gas) puddling furnaces were more economical than those in ordinary use.' Since that time the new form of Siemens furnace has become of great value to manufacturers of iron and steel, and its adoption in connection with the glassmaking and other

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industries is very extensive. The chief point of interest, however, to the Committee lies in the fact that the furnace is an appliance capable of working with a minimum of smoke emission, and at the same time showing a great economy in fuel over the cruder methods of working. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Works at Horwich afford an instance of smokeless steelmaking from pig iron, and its subsequent manufacture. The gas from the steelmaking and heating furnaces is supplied by Wilson gas-producers."

Of all manufacturing processes one would suppose that the making of pottery was one in which gas would be most valuable. They need there when they are biscuiting—which means baking—or firing for glost, that is glazing, an efficient and exact control of temperature, which it is very difficult to get from an ordinary coal fire, hand-fed, and with its door perpetually open and shut; this accounts for the great number of losses and failures in firing pottery; the temperature has to be raised slowly and regularly so as to avoid cracking the ware by drying it too fast, and when raised it should be maintained uniformly. Cleanliness in pottery work is also particularly desirable. All these things could be provided by gas and are already so provided. There is every sign that the conservatism of the manufacturers must before long give way and gas plants become universal in that district, which is now one of the most hideous in the country and inhabited by some of the roughest of our population. May I earnestly recommend a paper on "The Pottery Oven of the Future," by Mr. W. F. Murray, 7 Lothian Gardens, Kelvinside, Glasgow, published in the Transactions of the English Ceramic Society, and reprinted by Hughes and Barber, Longton, Staffs.? If the potters will not be convinced by the experiences detailed in that pamphlet, there is nothing for the public to do but to compel them to cease to make their absolutely unjustifiable clouds of smoke, wasting energy and ruining human life over that little nest of crowded towns in the north corner of Staffordshire. Mr. Murray gives expert testimony from

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W. F. J. Rowan, joint author of a well-known book on *Fuel and its Applications*, and Mr. R. R. Tatlock, gas examiner for Glasgow, to the effect that the cost of gas firing is only 23 per cent of that in coal-fired ovens, and saves sixteen hours' time out of thirty. Roughly, they do the work in one-half the time and at one-quarter the expense.

There is one place where, more than another, gasworks should be set up and power produced, viz., near the pit mouth. Colliery villages are the dreariest spots in our blackened land. They generally belong to the colliery company. Nobody lives there but workmen. The Public Health Act is not enforced. All day the engine chimney smokes defiantly. There is plenty of common slack and poor refuse not worth the railway carriage. Coal is dirt cheap and the waste coal wants burning up. So we are where we are. I do not know of a single clean, well-organised and comfortable colliery village in this country. I suppose that every coal pit will ultimately give out, and the cottages become useless ; so that they are only built to last a generation. Some cheaper building material might be used, and yet comfort and beauty achieved.

But if the coal were made into power gas—Mond-suction producer—any type preferred, or ordinary illuminating gas of low candle power, and used on the spot, what an economy there would be. The product and the by-products of one trade are the raw material for others, and a ring of economies might be produced by concentrating various coal, gas, and tar using trades near the coal pits. A central place in a colliery district would be safer than dependence on a single pit. There is no reason why such a group of manufactories should not be the clean nucleus of a Garden City. Already, in many parts of England, we have central power stations, easily kept smokeless, for the distribution of electricity or power gas of some kind. Surely this will go along with the cessation of that most reckless of all our wasting, the making of coke in bee-

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hive ovens, without recovering the gases. To send such gases to waste is the same thing as throwing corn into the sea. At present in blast furnaces, which do not burn their waste gases, 10 H.P. is wasted for every ton of pig iron made.

There is another famine conceivably threatening our descendants—a famine of bread. Sir William Crookes devoted his Presidential address before the British Association to this subject in 1898. He pointed out that the population of the world was overtaking its wheat-fields; and he exhorted us to find in the laboratory some means of making—from the atmosphere or otherwise—a nitrogenous manure which would replenish our fields. We are living at present on nitrate of soda from the South American coast. This is likely to last less than fifty years. Now our coal contains the means of making sulphate of ammonia, the very manure we want. It is a by-product of the manufacture of gas. When we burn raw coal all this is wasted. Bread goes up the chimney with smoke.

The toughest part of the Smoke Problem is the domestic grate. The principles enumerated twenty years ago by Mr. Teale, the eminent surgeon of Leeds—the firebrick fire-place, the open slanting cheeks, the back sloping forward over the fire—the direction of the draught over, not through the fire—so as to keep the fire itself a focus of heat, rather than a small blast furnace; these are the best available helps to smokeless fire which householders have. But they only diminish, they do not cure smoke in chimneys.

It is an interesting and difficult question to discover the proportion of our smoke which should be attributed to the domestic grate, and the figures are very convincing which point out that the analysis of Manchester smoke is singularly like the analysis of domestic smoke in the large proportion of tarry oils and ammonia which it contains. I think it, however, probable that Manchester is exceptional in the proportion of domestic to factory smoke. The Manchester and Salford district

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contains about 900,000 people, who make as much domestic smoke as any similar number elsewhere, and far more than a similar number in London would make, because in London they use much Welsh coal, which makes far less smoke than Lancashire coal; this is indeed the great cause of the superiority of the atmosphere of London to that of the great northern towns. On the other hand, Manchester is remarkable amongst the great cities of England for the efficiency of its smoke inspection. I am far from saying that it is all that it would be if the magistrates were more sympathetic and properly supported the action of the Sanitary Committee; but Manchester is very much the least culpable smoke producer among the administrative districts in South Lancashire. It employs five inspectors and Salford employs one, and the neighbouring districts employ none at all for this special purpose. A walk any day round Ashton-under-Lyne, Dukinfield, Denton, and Hyde would reveal a recklessness of smoke production which would not be tolerated in Manchester. Warrington again is the chief of sinners in this respect—I have already spoken of the Wigan district. So that I believe that the proportion of domestic to factory smoke in the city of Manchester is much larger than it would be in most places.

The Royal Commission concluded that domestic use is responsible for 32 million tons out of a total of 167 millions used in the country, or 19 per cent. The full classification is as follows for 1903:—

	Tons.
Railways (all purposes) . . . . .	13,000,000
Coasting Steamers (bunkers) . . . . .	2,000,000
Factories . . . . .	53,000,000
Mines . . . . .	18,000,000
Iron and Steel Industries . . . . .	28,000,000
Other Metals and Minerals . . . . .	1,000,000
Brickworks, Potteries, Glassworks, Chemical Works	5,000,000
Gasworks . . . . .	15,000,000
Domestic . . . . .	32,000,000
	<hr/> 167,000,000

## SMOKE, COAL, AND GAS.

It is to be remembered also that a large portion of domestic smoke is so scattered over the country as to be practically harmless, and it is only that portion of it which is emitted in good-sized towns which needs to be considered. I do not forget, of course, that a large portion of the manufacturing coal is also smokelessly burnt. Whatever be our ultimate conclusion on this point, and one part of England would differ greatly from another in the relative preponderance of the boiler over the fire grate, we must not allow either evil so far to influence us as to exclude the other. There can be no doubt, however, that domestic smoke is the more difficult to cure.

Turning then to the cures for domestic smoke :—

Coalite is perfectly smokeless, and is nearly ready for sale. The question of its price is still unsettled, and its commercial success. Let us hope that it may be cheap and successful. But it is not yet fairly on the market. Gas fires are the only practical cure which is complete. They have won all along the line, for fires in halls, offices, consulting-rooms, dining-rooms, bedrooms, and any place where work is to be saved and the fire needed for a short time only. The tests of the London Coal Smoke Abatement Society show that they give no deleterious fumes, nor produce undue dryness, provided a proper chimney draught, in a curving flue without sudden turns, is arranged for. But they are still in most places more costly than coal for fires in use all day, and somehow they are not as pretty as they might be. This is a direction in which cheap gas and beautiful production might go together.

There is general agreement that gas at 1s. 6d. to 2s. per 1000 cubic feet can compete for all-day use with coal. It was found that the cost of fuel at the seventy-five Metropolitan electric light undertakings was as great as that of gas at 2s. 1d. per 1000 cubic feet. There seems to me no good reason why gas should not be sold at a little over 1s. 6d. per thousand over all the smokiest part of England, that is the neighbourhood of



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the coal-fields. I reach this conclusion from the figures for Manchester, Sheffield, and Widnes, and, making due allowances, from those of the South Metropolitan Company. Gas for heating and for power may justly be sold cheaper than gas for lighting; for it is a daylight demand—an all-the-year-round demand—and the cost of large gasometers is due to the need of storing gas for a few evening hours, not to its use for power and heat.

The most immediately necessary course is to persuade our city fathers to sell gas not higher—I will venture to say a trifle lower—than cost price. At present, as we know, it is common to make a profit on the gas undertaking for the relief of the rates, and it is supposed to be clever finance to do so. No private business, divided into a number of departments, would congratulate itself upon the financial ability by which the account of one department was credited with a profit in order that another might cover a corresponding loss, the fact being ostentatiously winked at that income tax of 1s. in the £ was abstracted on the way. In this way Manchester hands over in some years £60,000, in other years £50,000, from the pockets of its gas consumers to the pockets of its ratepayers, and it pays to the Government in most years £3000 in income tax on gas profits, so called, for the pure pleasure of doing so. If the ratepayer and the gas consumer—who are roughly the same body of citizens—paid gas bills exactly proportionate to their rate assessments, no one would be any better and no one any worse. That is, however, not the case. The owner of cottage property is a man through whom heavy rates are paid, and he probably feels any rise or fall in the rates, not being able to adjust his rents with equal facility. On the other hand, the manufacturer or the shopkeeper uses gas in his business in addition to his domestic lighting; he therefore is fined in his gas bill to the extent that the property owner escapes; but it is he who makes the business of the city; he is the working partner in the alliance of capital and

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brains ; to tax him more than others is contrary to all sound principles of finance. If it ended here it would merely be one more inequality in a world full of inequality ; but it does not end here, for as we have seen, it is in the use of gas that we have our best hope for the purification of the air of our manufacturing towns : to charge gas an artificially high price is wilfully to wreck the atmosphere of cities. To spend gas surplus on public improvements, as is done in some places, is one of the most delicious ironies of administration that I have ever encountered. Corporations would make more public improvement by making no gas surplus at all, than by spending it on widening streets for the smuts to come down upon, and erecting buildings originally white.

So far I have only pleaded for selling the gas at cost price ; but there is a sound reason for selling it a little below cost. The man who uses gas instead of coal is a public benefactor ; he does not make his share of the smoke which saps the vitality, depresses the spirits and dirties the doorsteps of his neighbours. If every one were like him, public lighting, public draining, public scavenging and public health would cost the city less. It would, therefore, be an equitable thing to cheapen the gas by relieving the gasworks of local rates, at present a normal element of cost.

It is a surprise to me to find myself thus an enthusiastic advocate of gas. I am not a chemist nor an engineer, nor a gas shareholder, nor the owner of any patent connected with gas. Till I began to try to find means of purifying the air from smoke and fog, gas was a wholly uninteresting substance to me. But now it has become to me a means of cleanliness, a triumph of science helpful to man, and a sign of true civilisation. It stands for man's power over nature ; power used not for her exploitation and ruin, but for her conservation and saving—an enemy of dirt and barbaric waste.

DALTON HALL, MANCHESTER.

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*Youth: Its Education, Regimen, and Hygiene.* G. Stanley Hall.  
London: Appleton. 6s.

WE owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Hall for this abridgment of his great volumes, *Adolescence*. Every one who read them hoped that he would disinter some of the more immediately useful matter from those high-shovelled heaps. Professor Geddes, in his full and brilliant review in *Saint George* (Vol. VI, p. 303), expressed a very general feeling when he said: "Would that this learned and fertile thinker were also more of an artist—he had then written a book to be understood of the people, an evangel of education indeed." This little book, then, raises great hopes—if it disappoints it is because the hopes were so high. As it is, it will, no doubt, be a great force, and no teacher or parent can, without loss, neglect the message of one so abundantly learned and experienced, so full at once of wisdom and fire. The pages on discipline, all the chapter (newly added) on Moral and Religious Education, and that on the Education of Girls, make a direct appeal to practical experience and offer definite help to those who have young ones to guide. The whole book is full of valuable matter, so presented that it cannot surely fail to influence deeply the actions of those who read, in relation to their children. The insight into the minds of boys and girls is startling in its penetration, its entire candour, and the burning love and hope which inspire and guide it. But though the criticism be a little cheap, we must regret that the translation into English (urgently demanded by many a reader of the larger book) is so incompletely carried out. There is so much which could be vastly improved by so little skilled sub-editing.

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A vocabulary has been added ; but it is slight, and largely concerned with explaining that which need never have been used. Often the style is rugged, not with the strength of wrestling thews, but with ugly lumps of crusty jargon.

It is really grievous that so many writers should forget their mother-tongue so often, and write a half-bred dialect. And especially grievous when the power of direct expression is not lost, and might have grown into a good strong speech to carry its message at once to all thoughtful readers. For Dr. Hall speaks very often with great force and simplicity: many of his pages (such as those mentioned above) will be among the classics of educational literature. *S. George* has recently been much occupied with the discussion of co-education: every one who is interested should read the chapter on the education of girls. It is a contribution of very special value to us, because it reveals the limitations of co-education as seen by a very keen observer in a country where it has long been the rule. It is not necessary to accept the underlying theories, or even the ideals, to appreciate the knowledge, wisdom, and fervour of this remarkable chapter.

*Suggestion in Education. M. W. Keatinge, Reader in Education in the University of Oxford. Black. 6s.*

**T**HIS is a notable addition to the small number of books which, while written primarily for teachers, appeal to all who are interested in the real facts of education, the interaction of teacher and pupil. It is not a racy popularization of educational doctrine, nor a showy attack on things as they are, and so it misses the readiest avenues to success. But it is likely to be read as a serious attempt upon some central problems of education. The style is clear (it is a comfort to the reviewer of "pedagogic" books to come across good English), and often brightened

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by apt and humorous illustration. The target at which it is aimed is the depreciation of the influence of school on life. This depreciation has been common enough of late, delivered in every tone of disillusionment and pessimism ranging from sorrow to scorn, and from every point of view between extreme materialist and ultramontane. Here is one of Mr. Keatinge's examples (from Newman's *Idea of a University*, V) :—

Quarry the rock with razors, or moor the vessel with a thread of silk : then you may hope with such keen and delicate instruments as human knowledge and human reason to contend against those giants, the passion and the pride of man.

These doubts and denials come to most serious teachers.

The time comes when the question is asked : "Can the subject I am teaching have any effect on my pupils' character and conduct?" The educational conscience is awakened, and unless some satisfactory answer can be given to the question, enthusiasm may die away and nothing but a sense of futility remain (p. 104).

"For the educator to make good his claim as a moulder of character it is . . . necessary for him to show that ideas affect the direction of will" (p. 118). In order to do this, Mr. Keatinge sets out to study the elements of suggestion, the typical method of influence. This is a well-founded and acutely reasoned study. There is no "concealing ignorance by terminology" or indulging in the practice too common in books of this kind, of finding hard names for easy things. Mr. Keatinge sketches lightly but surely the extreme forms of suggestion—those of the hypnotic trance—and traces the leading characteristics into the power of mind over mind in the waking state, making great efforts at every point to secure clearness of definition. It is noteworthy that this psychology is an integral part of the doctrine of the book ; its practical counsel really does grow freshly out of the psychology, and is not (as so often) like a solitary stale bun in a bankrupt shop behind a windowful of dummy biscuit tins.

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He thus bases his justification of education on sounder ground than the Herbartian psychology, while aiming at the same regenerative effect upon teaching (for faulty as that psychology was, it gave invaluable stimulus to the work of many teachers); and then turns to study the various modes of suggestion open to the teacher. This part of the book is full of interest and great practical value. It does not present a distant ideal, but is full of schoolmasterly wisdom. It is true that the reference is chiefly to secondary schools. But those who read with a sigh the footnote on page 100—"it is assumed that the number of pupils in a class should in no case exceed thirty"—must reflect on the transiency of school conditions: how very modern and experimental nearly all of them are; they "are not laws of nature, nor do they exist by divine right," and they will not always cumber the ground. Of too many secondary schools it is still true that

the economic conditions, and the tradition that the staff of a school consists of a headmaster and ushers (a tradition that in England we are very slow to shake off), give us a copious supply of ignorance among the teachers of smaller boys; while the ludicrously excessive hours of work (again a traditional survival) deprive the larger number of assistant masters of both the energy and the leisure for adding to what knowledge they possess (p. 83).

We are still far from the wisdom of Mulcaster (strongly endorsed by Mr. Keatinge) that the best and best paid teachers shall be given to the lowest forms. But the past generation has seen a great improvement in the status of assistant masters: and it has been due to the devoted lives of men who deeply felt the schoolmaster's influence and consequent responsibility, and who refused to be crippled by making the great refusal, namely, to believe in the reality of their appointed task.

Mr. Keatinge illustrates his account of suggestion by showing how various subjects offer opportunities for the use of this as an essential element of method. The passages dealing with

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History are among the best in the book, and make us look forward to Mr. Keatinge's *Studies in Teaching History*, which is announced.

*Woman Suffrage.* By Arnold Harris Mathew. (*The Social Problems Series, No. V.*) London and Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1907. 1s. net.

IT was but fitting that an early volume in Messrs. Jack's excellent Social Problems Series should be devoted to the question of Woman Suffrage. It may be said at once that Mr. Mathew has made much of his opportunity. He has produced an interesting and racy volume, one that should contribute not a little towards a better and wider understanding of the movement. He writes as a whole-hearted supporter of the Suffragettes' cause. For him, the granting of their demands is not a mere matter of chivalry, but of justice, and, what is perhaps more important in view of the great issues involved, of reason. His volume is more primarily a work of propaganda than of cold, logical reasoning; but it is none the less valuable, and is certainly all the more actual, on that account. The daily and weekly Press has done its utmost to travesty the movement, and it is therefore a matter of some public importance that a cheap, interesting, and sympathetic volume should have been issued at this moment.

Mr. Mathew rightly sees that the Suffragette is not a new and truculent kind of Amazon seeking violently to conquer what woman has never hitherto possessed. "The agitation for women's rights," he says in his opening sentence, "is no new thing; in many respects it has the air of the recovery of privileges once enjoyed." Had Mr. Mathew followed that sentence up by a better chapter than the one he has given us on the place of woman in society in the past, he would have done a signal service to the movement, for neither by the



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movement itself nor by its adverse critics is much consideration given to the examples and the lessons of history. But, after all, the movement is fully justified by the conditions and the needs of the present and of the opening future, and Mr. Mathew does well to concentrate his attention on these. He deals with the progress of the women's movement in England, with physical, mental, and moral considerations respecting modern woman, with the disadvantages from which women suffer in industry and in the professions, with the relations of contemporary legislation to women and the result of the participation of women in politics, upon equal terms with men, upon social and national life, and other important matters. Upon all of these the author writes with vigour, with a clear understanding and expression of his own position, and with a flow of humour all too rare in works of this kind. We would perhaps especially commend those sections of his book in which Mr. Mathew deals with the position of woman in industry and in the professions. Woman's entry into factories, offices, schools, medicine, art, etc., has been due not solely to her own initiative and her desire for a fuller and more independent life, but equally to the inevitable trend of modern civilization. The realization of woman's desire for a larger place in the common life of her time has been largely forced by social and economic circumstances. It is idle, therefore, to demand that the world of politics shall be closed to her when the conditions of that fuller and complexer life into which she has now entered are so largely determined by existing Acts of Parliament and by the lack of requisite Reform Acts. And the same argument applies, of course, to all aspects of woman's life. "The demand for the vote is," says Mr. Mathew, "after all, only part of a general movement amongst women for emancipation from a kind of domestic thralldom, which is neither good for them nor for the community at large. . . ." Men "know that woman must be educated, both physically

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and mentally, to bear the increasing charges laid upon her by the progress of civilisation and enlightenment." . . . "The development of the race physically, mentally, and morally proceeds as fast as, and can proceed no faster than, the development of the women."

It is a hotly disputable point whether our English Parliament really is the mother of all Parliaments. But that is a question of history; and the question for the moment is rather whether it has not been a wicked step-mother to the nation. The Labour party owes its existence and its vigour to some such belief; and the renewed activity of the women's suffrage movement—so different in many ways—is filled with the same spirit of higher criticism. Both have seen, in fact, that traditional, conventional politics has too often been social trickery licensed by law and unlicensed in practice; and that Parliament has a curious constructional tendency to become a lethal chamber in which abuses are talked out of memory and reforms are talked into death. If, indeed, we may use something of the violence of speech which wages around the Suffragettes, we may reasonably say that the conscious aim of Parliament has never been *Paradise Regained*, but merely—and even then only at its infrequent best—*Hell Limited*. And who knows but that the traditional part of woman in the losing of *Paradise* may not yet be counterbalanced, even in the eyes of the ultra-orthodox, by her actual part in the regaining of Parliament? She has at least the right to experiment;—and opportunity to exercise that right is, after all, the larger part of life.

We commend Mr. Mathew's book to the converted and the unconverted alike.

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*English High Schools for Girls.* By Sara A. Burstall, M.A., Head Mistress of the Manchester High School for Girls. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1907. 4s. 6d.

**I**N this book Miss Burstall has given us an interesting study of the aims and methods of the type of school on which she is a recognized authority. In doing so she at the same time makes a valuable contribution to our knowledge of one of the most important educational movements of the nineteenth century.

So far as England is concerned the history of education in that century has yet to be written, but a few points stand out clearly. From, roughly, 1830 to 1870 political and social influence was mainly in the hands of the middle classes, and during the same period we may trace a series of strenuous efforts to render the educational system of the country more adequate to the new demands for intellectual and moral training, which were one result of the industrial revolution and the accompanying social changes. These efforts were prompted by two currents of thought and aspiration which were striving for the mastery. There was the individualistic conception of life, an inheritance from the eighteenth century and developed by Bentham and his disciples, with its faith in intellectual enlightenment, its emphasis on the right of every man to the appropriate opportunities for developing his powers, and its distrust of governmental interference. But there was also another tendency which showed itself in many fields, in Wesley and the Evangelical Revival, in Burke's political ideals, in the Oxford movement, and in the school reforms of Dr. Arnold. This was the tendency which led to stress being laid upon social function rather than upon individual right, and in education upon the training of character by personal and social influences rather than upon instruction of a purely intellectual kind. The result was in the first place a failure

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to establish a truly national system of education, but in the second place considerable success in introducing reforms into existing schools and also in opening up new educational opportunities. One of the means by which these new opportunities were afforded was the establishment of schools for middle-class girls which should provide an education of the same standard as that received by their brothers in the Public and other Secondary Schools.

We cannot follow Miss Burstall through her sketch of the progress of this movement, but two points may be noted. When the High Schools were first founded the individualistic current was still strong, and the need was keenly felt for a type of education which should be free from the shallow artificiality of the prevailing modes of training. Hence the ideal aimed at was to a large extent an intellectual one; character was to be strengthened mainly through the training of the rational powers. Women were to be placed intellectually on an equality with men, just as, when necessary, they were to be rendered economically independent. But in the last quarter of the century the social conception of education acquired increased importance, and in consequence preparation for home life as the special function of women became a more prominent element in the ideal of the schools. Again, the circumstances amid which they originated caused the curricula and many of the methods of the High Schools to be consciously or unconsciously based upon those of the corresponding schools for boys. Hence the High School system was a modification of that characteristic of the Public Schools.

A schoolmaster may perhaps be permitted to regret that the education of English girls has been so strongly influenced by masculine ideals, but whether this regret is justified or not its cause is being rapidly removed. Girls' schools are more and more developing a vigorous life of their own, and one of the strongest points in Miss Burstall's book is her appreciation

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of the distinctive characteristics of the education of girls as contrasted with that of boys. There are at present unfortunately only a few well-known books by women dealing with educational problems, though some of these few are of distinguished excellence, and Miss Burstall's is a welcome addition to the number.

Most of the chapters are concerned with the application of High School principles to the various departments of school work, and Miss Burstall has much wise counsel to give on the problems which present themselves. Some of these problems will only be solved gradually by the slow teaching of experience, but it is always helpful to hear the well-considered views of one whose life-work has compelled her to seek earnestly by thought and practical experiment for some approximate solution.

*The Literary Man's Bible. By W. L. Courtney. Chapman and Hall.*

IF we read "Literary Dilettante" in place of "Literary Man," we shall understand the scope of this disappointing book. It contains little that cannot be found in other works, equally accessible and far more thorough. The author appears to have undertaken some desultory reading of modern Biblical criticism and to have collected fragmentary notes, which he has afterwards strung together in his introductory essays. Here he mainly confines himself to stating the real or assumed results of critics, without giving any adequate account of the arguments by which the conclusions of modern exegesis are supported. As a result, he expresses himself with a dogmatism rather more irritating than that of the old-fashioned theologian. The last essay of the series, on "Wisdom Literature and the Hellenic Spirit," is more original than the others. It is disfigured, however, by the extraordinary remark that "one of the most curious features in the history of the Jew is

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his steady and earnest repudiation of the Greek culture." The author evidently knows nothing of mediæval Jewish philosophy, which is essentially Aristotelian, or of the Kabbala, which possesses so many points of contact with neo-platonism.

It is not possible to express a more favourable opinion of the taste displayed by the author in his anthology of passages from the Old Testament. It was a great mistake to confine the field of choice to "historic, poetic, and philosophic" pieces, to the exclusion of those which are ethical and legal. The *Literary Man's Bible* includes none of the eloquent discourses of Deuteronomy and no part of the "Book of the Covenant." Nor will Mr. Courtney's method of selection bear a more detailed criticism. He includes Job xxvii., although the text is known to be in hopeless confusion; as it stands the patriarch is made to recant all his former opinions. On the other hand, Mr. Courtney omits the whole of the lovely speech contained in chapters xxix.-xxxi., surely one of the most glorious poems in all literature. Again, he quotes much of Ecclesiastes but omits the first chapter, which strikes the keynote of the whole book. Another passage unaccountably omitted is Isaiah xxxiii. 14-16, where the prophetic spirit finds as high an expression as anywhere in the Bible.

Mr. Courtney uses the Authorized Version throughout, "because the Revised Version, doubtless more accurate, cannot hope to compete with the older and more familiar version, which was produced at a great flowering time of English letters." There is much to be said for this preference, but the more glaring errors of King James' translators should have been corrected in footnotes. Mr. Courtney does so in the case of Job xix. 25, but nowhere else, not even in Isaiah ix. 3, where the E.V. is sheer nonsense.

Mr. Courtney prefaces his extracts with brief introductory notes, many of which contain interesting information, derived from the recognized modern authorities. The notes on

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Jeremiah and on the Song of Solomon strike the present writer as particularly good. Mr. Courtney's power of felicitous expression is well applied, and partially atones for his lack of original study of the subject.

On the whole this is an amateurish book, and Mr. Courtney will be well advised if he writes no others of the kind. Such excursions into the field of theology remind us of those which Gladstone used sometimes rashly to undertake. To write upon special subjects special study is necessary; general ability, literary tastes, and journalistic facility are not enough.

H. S. LEWIS.



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